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A POPULAR EXPOSITION OF MR. DARWIN ON THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

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No scientific work that has been published within this century has excited so much general curiosity as the treatise of Mr. Darwin. It has for a time divided the scientific world into two great contending sections. A Darwinite and an anti-Darwinite are now the badges of opposed scientific parties. Each side is ably represented. In the foremost ranks of the opposition against Darwin have already appeared Professor Owen, Mr. Hopkins, Sir B. Brodie, and Professor Sedgwick; whilst Professor Huxley, Professor Henslowe, Dr. Hooker, and Sir Charles Lyell, have given the new theory a support more or less decided. We shall endeavour most carefully to avoid the partiality of partisanship; and, as our object is neither to attack nor to defend, but simply to expound, we shall have no necessity to assume the tone of ungenerous hostility exhibited in the *Edinburgh Review*, or to summon from theology the asperities contained in the *Quarterly*. Such may be appropriate to controversy, but can give those who are unacquainted with Mr. Darwin's work no idea of his theory; which, all must agree, has been stated with the most perfect impartiality, and is the result of a life of most careful scientific study.

It will be, in the first place, advisable to enunciate, as clearly as possible, the problem which the treatise on the Origin

of Species suggests for solution. And this cannot be done unless we possess a distinct conception of the words we employ. Let us therefore inquire, what is the meaning of the word species? The necessity of classifying the various objects in the animal and vegetable kingdoms was fully recognised by Socrates when he applied his dialectical mode of investigation to test the meaning of general terms. The object of classification was to carve out the organic world into distinct groups, each of which possessed some common property. "Family" was the most comprehensive, then "Genus," then "Species," and then "Variety." A Family would thus include many Genera, a Genus many Species, and a Species many Varieties. These divisions are to some extent arbitrary and artificial; for in nature many of the distinctions, which in certain cases seem most marked and decided, are not universally preserved, but fade gradually away. Thus no distinction might appear to be more easily recognisable than that which exists between animals and vegetables; but, as we descend to the less highly-organised forms of creation, the most distinctive characteristics of animals and vegetables become fainter, and at length we meet with organisms with regard to which even the highest scientific acumen finds it difficult to decide whether they

are vegetables or animals. And, similarly, it is impossible accurately to define the exact amount or the exact kind of difference which is sufficient to place two organisms in two distinct Families or two distinct Genera. This difficulty and doubt increases as we descend to the lower classificatory divisions, and it is admitted that it is impossible to frame any exact definition of a specific difference. This difficulty is strikingly exhibited in botany. A most eminent botanist, Mr. Bentham, maintains that there are only one thousand two hundred species of English plants. An equally high botanical authority, Mr. Babington, affirms that there are two thousand species. A similar difference of opinion exists amongst naturalists. For instance, it was long a disputed point whether or not the dog and wolf were varieties of one species.

The following definition of a species is sometimes given: that two animals or vegetables belong to different species when they are infertile with each other. This hardly deserves the name of a definition. It is enunciated in deference to pre-conceived notions, and assumes the incorrectness of the theory which it is afterwards used to disprove. This definition can manifestly have little influence in diminishing that difficulty, which has been above alluded to, of deciding what is a specific difference; for it requires a test which can rarely be applied to the existing organic world, and is entirely inapplicable to those numerous species which have passed away. Thus it would be almost impossible to ascertain whether different molluscs, or insects, or testacea, are fertile with each other; and, manifestly, such an imperfect experiment in breeding cannot be made upon those animals and plants of which we have solely a geological record. Therefore it would seem that the classification of species must remain so arbitrary, that equally high scientific authorities may continue to dispute whether the plants of a limited area like England should be held to constitute two thousand or one thousand two hundred species. The question of species may thus, at the first

sight, appear to be a dispute about an arbitrary classification, and it may naturally be asked, Why, therefore, does the problem of the Origin of Species assume an aspect of supreme scientific interest?

The common assumption that species are infertile with each other, and that the descendants of any particular species always belong to that species, at once suggests this difficulty:—How can a new species be introduced into the world? There is abundant evidence that new species have been introduced. If we go back to a comparatively modern geological epoch, it will be found that all the fossil animals belong to undoubtedly distinct species from any which exist at the present time. This is admitted by every naturalist and geologist, whatever may be his opinion on the origin of species. The geological record shows us that past species have died out, and that existing species have been gradually introduced. What is the cause which has produced this extinction of species? What is the agency by which the new species have been placed upon the earth? These are the questions to which Mr. Darwin has sought to give an answer. The same question has been asked again and again, and it admits only two kinds of answers. If the ordinary assumption is admitted that no two members of different species can be the progenitors of a mixed race, and if it is also supposed that the descendants of any varieties of a particular species must always be considered as belonging to this species, and that, however much in succeeding ages such descendants may differ from the parent stock, this difference can never entitle them to be ranked as distinct species—if these propositions are admitted, it then becomes quite manifest that the statement that a new species has appeared is tantamount to the assertion that a living form has been introduced upon the earth which cannot have been generated from anything previously living. It therefore becomes necessary to suppose that the same effort of Creative Will, which originally placed life upon this planet, is repeated at the introduction of every

new species; and thus a new species has to be regarded as the offspring of a miraculous birth. We are as powerless to explain by physical causes this miracle as we are any other. To hope for an explanation would be as vain as for the human mind to expect to discover by philosophy the agency by which Joshua made the sun and moon stand still. Our ignorance, therefore, of the origin of species is absolute and complete, if every new species is supposed to require a distinct and independent act of the will of an Omnipotent Creator. When it was supposed that every heavenly body had its path guided by a direct omnipotent control, all are now ready to admit that the cause of the motion of these bodies was unknown, and that this want of knowledge was not the less complete because it was disguised under such expressions as the harmonies of the universe. Those, therefore, who attempt to render unnecessary the belief in these continuously-repeated creative fiat, seek to explain hitherto unexplained phenomena of the highest order of interest and importance in natural history. Whenever this explanation shall have been given, a similar service will have been done to this science, as was performed by Newton for astronomy, when he enunciated his law of gravitation. Newton's discovery is now found in numerous religious works as a favourite illustration of the wisdom of the Creator; and it is now considered that a hymn of praise is sung to God when we expound the simplicity of the Newtonian laws. The day will doubtless come when he who shall unfold, in all their full simplicity, the laws which regulate the organic world, will be held, as Newton is now, in grateful remembrance for the service he has done not only to science, but also to religion.

Aptly, indeed, has the origin of species been described as the mystery of mysteries; for, as long as a phenomenon is accounted for by creative fiat, it is enshrouded in a mystery which the human mind is powerless to penetrate. Mr. Darwin has endeavoured to bring this subject within the cognisance of

man's investigations, by supposing that every species has been produced by ordinary generation from the species which previously existed. Such a supposition is the only alternative for those who reject the doctrine of creative fiat.

We shall now proceed to expound the agency by which Mr. Darwin conceives that this development of new species from previous ones has taken place. We think our exposition will indicate the great difference between the speculations of Mr. Darwin and those of other theorists upon the transmutation of species, such as Lamarck and the author of the "Vestiges of Creation." [But it may perhaps conduce to clearness to remark beforehand upon a very unfair and very erroneous test which has been applied to Mr. Darwin's work. Every hostile criticism repudiates the theory, because, as it is asserted, it is not based upon a rigorous induction.] There is much philosophic cant about this rigorous induction. An individual who is supremely ignorant of science finds no difficulty in uttering some such salvo as, "This is not the true Baconian method." Such expressions, which too frequently are mere meaningless phrases, were repeated *ad nauseam* at the British Association. They are revived in an article on Mr. Darwin in the *Quarterly Review*. There we find it reiterated, "This is not a true Baconian induction." In reply to all this, it should at once be distinctly stated that Mr. Darwin does not pretend that his work contains a proved theory, but merely an extremely probable hypothesis. The history of science abundantly illustrates that through such a stage of hypothesis all those theories have passed which are now considered most securely to rest on strict inductive principle. Dr. Whewell has remarked, "that a tentative process has been the first step towards the establishment of scientific truths." Some association perchance, as the falling apple, first aroused in Newton's mind a suspicion of the existence of universal gravitation. He then had no proof of the particular law of this gravitating force; he made several

guesses. The inverse square was the only one which caused calculation to agree with observation; the inverse square was therefore assumed to be the true law. The most complicated calculations were based upon this assumption; they have been carefully corroborated by observation, and in this manner the law of gravitation has been proved true beyond all dispute. [Those who attack the philosophic method of Mr. Darwin ought explicitly to state how they would proceed to establish a theory on the origin of species by what they term a rigorous induction.] Is such an example to be found in the doctrine of creative fiat? The greatest of logicians has remarked,¹ "The mode of investigation which, from the proved inapplicability of direct methods of observation and experiment, remains to us as the main source of the knowledge we possess, or can acquire, respecting the conditions and laws of recurrence of the more complex phenomena, is called in its most general expression the deductive method, and consists of three operations—the first, one of direct induction; the second, of ratiocination; and the third, of verification." The method here indicated Mr. Darwin has most rigorously observed. A life devoted to the most careful scientific observations and experiments, and to the accumulation of a most comprehensive knowledge of the details of natural history, has suggested to Mr. Darwin's mind a certain hypothesis with regard to the origin of species. The results which have been deduced from this hypothesis he has endeavoured to verify by a comparison with observed phenomena. Mr. Darwin has been himself most careful to point out that this verification is not yet complete. Until it becomes so, Mr. Darwin's theory must be ranked as an hypothesis. The eminently high authorities who have already welcomed Mr. Darwin's theory as a probable hypothesis, should induce the general public to welcome it as a legitimate step towards a great scientific discovery; and those who cannot take any

special part in the controversy will render science a great service if they resent bigoted prejudice, and earnestly seek to give both parties in the dispute a fair hearing.

It has been previously remarked that every species is composed of individuals, which are grouped into varieties, these varieties being distinguished from each other by a varying amount of difference. For instance, all the breeds of dogs are varieties of the same species. The characteristic points of these breeds strike the most casual observer. There is the utmost diversity in size; the heads vary in form, the coats in colour and texture, the legs in length; and animals varying in these respects inherit also different constitutions and different capabilities. But all these breeds are considered to belong to the same species, because each variety of dog is perfectly fertile with every other. Now that it is found that a fertile cross can be with facility obtained between the wolf and the dog, these animals are classed in the same species. A less difference may very reasonably be thought to exist between the horse and the ass than between the poodle and the mastiff; but the mule, which is the offspring of the horse and the ass, is sterile, and therefore these animals are regarded as distinct species. The various breeds of dogs have been produced by a method with which, as applied to the varieties of other species, every agriculturist and gardener is perfectly familiar. Mr. Darwin supposes that a similar method is at work throughout the whole range of animated nature. He has himself for years made most careful experiments upon the breeding of pigeons, and the art may be thus explained:—Suppose a breeder is anxious to produce pigeons with some particular characteristic, for instance, a short beak. It is a law which is always in operation, but which, at the same time, cannot be explained, that the offspring of the same parents possess some individual differences. The most casual observer must have remarked the many points of difference which the same litter of pups presents. Similarly, when a number of

¹ Mill's *Logic*, vol. i. book iii. chap. xi. p. 491.

pigeons, the offspring of the same parents, are minutely examined, it will be invariably found that there are already existing some slight points of diversity in the particular organ which it is sought still further to modify. If the object, therefore, is to produce short beaks, those young pigeons must be selected which have the shortest beaks. Another universal but still inexplicable law can be enunciated, that individual peculiarities are inheritable, and thus the young pigeons, which are bred from those which have been previously selected for their short beaks, will, on the average, possess shorter beaks than those which have been bred from unselected parents. A second selection is now made. The shortest-beaked birds are again reserved; and thus at last, by continuing the process, these small differences will be constantly accumulated, until at length the shortened beak becomes a decided characteristic, and a new breed or variety will have been thus established. In this manner all our breeds of domestic animals and all our varieties of plants and flowers might have been produced. Thus a gardener may have raised a plot of seedling geraniums from seed all taken from the same plant. The flowers and leaves of these seedling geraniums will in all probability present some points of difference in colour and size. It may be the gardener's object to produce a flower of some particular colour. Amongst his seedlings he selects those which approach most nearly to this colour. Very possibly out of many hundreds he may find very few which offer a sufficient approximation. Let us suppose that he has selected two. As plants are more prolific when not fertilized with their own pollen, he fertilizes one of these geraniums with the pollen of the other. Amongst the geraniums which are raised from this seed, only a few will probably possess any tendency towards the colour which it is sought to produce. Those which exhibit the strongest tendency towards this colour are again preserved; the process is again repeated, until at length the skill of the gardener is rewarded, the new colour is obtained, and a new

variety of geranium is the result. Then there will be no difficulty in perpetuating this variety by means of cuttings, which always produce plants true to the one from which they have been taken. And thus the horticulturists and the breeders of animals avail themselves of two universal laws of nature, which are—

1st. The constant tendency towards individual variations.

2dly. The constant tendency to inherit individual peculiarities.

These resources are supplied to man in the original constitution of organic life, and enable varieties to be produced when the selection is directed by man's intelligence. [In nature, a selection cannot be thus directed.] Is there, therefore, in nature any such selection regulated by fixed laws? [Mr. Darwin maintains that this power of selection is supplied by the struggle for life; and the main fundamental object of his theory is, to show that this struggle for existence is ever at work, constantly tending to produce and to perpetuate, by definite laws, varieties of organisms no less distinct and decided than those which man creates amongst domesticated animals and cultivated plants.]

[There are those who dispute whether the struggle for existence is capable of effecting all that Mr. Darwin attributes to it; but the reality of this struggle for existence throughout the whole of nature is a demonstrated truth.] Mr. Darwin remarks: "This struggle for existence inevitably follows from the high geometrical ratio of the increase of all organic beings throughout the world." [This is the doctrine of Malthus applied to the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms.] The mention of Mr. Malthus will, we fear, not induce conviction; for our leading public journal, no doubt very accurately, re-echoed the popular ignorance and prejudice with regard to Mr. Malthus, when he was lately described as that "morose, hard-hearted old man, whose theories now are entirely exploded." But the intensity of the struggle for existence, necessitated by the laws of propagation which regulate the increase of animals

and plants, can be abundantly illustrated by a few facts. "There is no exception to the rule, that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate, that, if not destroyed, the earth would soon be covered by the progeny of a single pair. Even races of slow-breeding men have been doubled in twenty-five years; and at this rate, in a few thousand years, there would be literally not standing-room for his progeny. Linneus has calculated that, if an annual plant produced only two seeds—and there is no plant so unproductive as this—and their seedlings next year produced two, and so on, then in twenty years there would be a million plants. The elephant is reckoned the slowest breeder of all known animals, and I have taken some pains to estimate its probable minimum rate of natural increase. It will be under the mark to assume that it breeds when thirty years old, and goes on breeding until ninety years old, bringing forth three pairs of young in this interval. If this be so, at the end of the fifth century there would be alive fifteen million elephants descended from the first pair."

Therefore, as long as the earth is peopled with a multitudinous variety of living creatures, and as long as its surface is adorned with a highly-variegated vegetation, an exterminating war throughout the whole of nature must ceaselessly be waged. Who are the victims in this conflict? Shall we say that everything is determined by inexplicable chance, and that we have no further insight into the laws which regulate those who are slain than we have in a battle waged by the passions of man? The conflict is so severe, and so equally balanced, that the slightest advantage in structure will tell unerringly in the result. Mr. Darwin supposes that, in consequence of the universal tendency towards individual variations—a law upon which we have already remarked—relative advantages and disadvantages will always exist. An animal may require a particular weapon against its most powerful foe. There will be individual variations

in this weapon; and those who possess it in its most effective state will prevail against the dangers with which they are surrounded, and will be preserved when their less fortunate companions are sacrificed. The laws of nature, in fact, select a portion to live, because a particular individual variation is possessed. Man, we have seen, is enabled to make a similar selection; but his choice is not unfrequently directed by caprice. Nature's choice is, however, regulated by undeviating laws, which never cease to act, but which depend on complicated conditions beyond our powers to analyze. And, when this force of selection existing throughout nature is distinctly perceived, there can be no difficulty in understanding that an analogous process to that which is adopted by man in the breeding of animals and in horticulture, can secure the perpetuation in nature of varieties of animals and plants. Thus the struggle for life selects a certain number of individuals out of every species to live, because they possess some individual variation. In deference to that second universal law of organic life which has been enunciated, the offspring of those which are thus selected will show a tendency to inherit those modifications of structure which have previously determined the selection. Those who inherit these modifications of structure with the greatest intensity will be again selected in the struggle for existence; the process will be continuously repeated; and, as long as this struggle for life is carried on under the same surrounding physical conditions, the conflict will require similar weapons of defence and offence, and the modifications will constantly accumulate in the same direction. Few can deny the reality of this struggle for existence, and few can dispute the method of its action and the tendency of its results. The main ground of controversy is, Will this constant accumulation of inherited variations ever constitute a specific difference? The most hostile critics of Mr. Darwin acknowledge the value of his theory so far as it accounts for the origin of varieties, but maintain that he

has failed to prove that the accumulated inheritance of these small variations, singled out by a process of natural selection, will ever constitute a specific difference, or, in other words, would produce in any organism a variation so great as to cause it to be infertile with the stock from which it originated. As we have before remarked, Mr. Darwin's theory cannot pretend to be completely proved; we are therefore bound not to apply to it those tests supplied by logic to which every proof ought to be submitted. It is a question of probability; and, as long as it remains so, everything which can be either said in support or contradiction ought to be fairly stated and maturely weighed. We will therefore endeavour to give a correct statement of the leading arguments on both sides.

Many common animals are sculptured upon ancient Egyptian tombs; many have also been preserved as mummies; and, when it is found that, during the three thousand years which have elapsed, the ibis, for instance, has remained unchanged, it is maintained that the process of development supposed by Mr. Darwin's theory cannot have occurred.

An individual would excite a smile of ridicule who, having discovered that Mont Blanc three thousand years ago was of the same altitude as it is at the present time, should consider that he had refuted those theories of modern geology which suppose that the stupendous peaks of Switzerland were lifted from off their ocean bed, and that every physical change in this earth's appearance has been produced by the indefinitely prolonged operation of the same physical causes which on every side around us continue in ceaseless activity. The extinction of species and the introduction of new ones are associated with periods which can only be described as geological epochs; and the time which has elapsed since the occurrence of the most remote recorded historical event is but an instant compared with the period which is indicated by the deposition of one of the strata which tell the history of this planet's structure.

The three thousand years which have elapsed since the animals were sculptured upon the Egyptian tombs have not sufficed to produce any change in the physical geography of the valley of the Nile. We have no reason to suppose but that the soil was then of the same fertility as it is now, the temperature of the same warmth, the air of the same moisture, and that the mighty river itself rolled down the same volume of water and sedimentary matter to the sea. The struggle for existence was carried on then under precisely the same conditions as it is now; particular animals and plants possessed then as now the same relative advantages and disadvantages in their structure; and the causes which determine success in this struggle for life have remained absolutely unaltered. But let us look forward to the geological epoch. Egypt may not be then what she is now; the land may be upheaved; the Nile may have changed its course; and many animals and plants which flourish there now will be unsuited to these changed physical circumstances; they will then probably not prevail in the struggle for existence, but will pass away as extinct species, and their place will be occupied by other organisms which are adapted to the changed conditions of life. [The fossils in every stratum unmistakeably indicate such successive revolutions in the animal and vegetable world. No one will dispute that old forms of life are thus succeeded by new ones. The question to be determined is, Must we continue to confess complete ignorance of the laws which regulate the introduction of these new forms of life? A confession of this ignorance is made whenever we resort to the doctrine of creative fiat.]

Those who, like Mr. Darwin, endeavour to explain the laws which regulate the succession of life, do not seek to detract one iota from the attributes of a Supreme Intelligence. Religious veneration will not be diminished, if, after life has been once placed upon this planet by the will of the Creator, finite man is able to discover laws so simple that we can understand the agency by which all

that lives around us has been generated from those forms in which life first dawned upon this globe.

[The distinctness of the groups of the fossil animals which compose the geological records supplies the most formidable argument against Mr. Darwin's theory; and, unless the difficulty thus suggested can be explained away, the main support of the theory is gone. We cordially rejoice that this theory is ultimately to be refuted or established by the principles of geology. We were therefore not a little astonished, that in the discussions upon Mr. Darwin at the British Association at Oxford geology was not even alluded to. It was sad, indeed, to think that the opponents of the theory sought to supply this omission by summoning to their aid a species of oratory which could deem it an argument to ask a professor if he should object to discover that he had been developed out of an ape. The professor aptly replied to his assailant by remarking, that man's remote descent from an ape was not so degrading to his dignity as the employment of oratorical powers to misguide the multitude by throwing ridicule upon a scientific discussion. The retort was so justly deserved, and so inimitable in its manner, that no one who was present can ever forget the impression it made. Happy are we to be able to escape from such recriminations, for there is some chance of a satisfactory solution when we can appeal to physical principles.]

The argument to which allusion has just been made shall be stated in Mr. Darwin's own words; for, so singular is his impartiality, and so sincere his love of truth, that he has himself advanced, in their utmost force, all the most important arguments which can be opposed to his theory. "The number of intermediate varieties which have formerly existed on the earth must be truly enormous. Why, then, is not every geological formation, and every stratum, full of such intermediate links? Geology assuredly does not reveal any such finely graduated organic chain; and this, perhaps, is the most obvious

"and gravest objection to my theory. "The explanation lies, as I believe, in "the extreme imperfection of the geological record."

The mode therefore is plainly indicated by which the incorrectness of Mr. Darwin's speculations can be completely established. If the physical philosopher can demonstrate that the geological record has not this character of extreme imperfection, Mr. Darwin will doubtless be amongst the first to admit that his theory can then be no longer maintained. Mr. Hopkins¹ of Cambridge, than whom no one can be better qualified, has commenced this mode of attack; and such is the spirit with which Mr. Darwin receives a fair and generous antagonist, that we believe he was amongst the first to welcome and acknowledge the hostile criticism of Mr. Hopkins.

Mr. Darwin attributes imperfection to the geological record upon two different grounds:—

✓ First.—An extremely incomplete examination has yet been made of any existing strata, and the animals and plants which are preserved in any strata can only form a very small portion of those which were living when the strata were deposited.

✓ Secondly.—The strata which now exist form but a small proportion of those which have been deposited. Between the strata now remaining numerous intermediate ones have been completely removed by denudation.

The first of these propositions rests upon the following considerations:—Strata have only been examined with a scientific purpose for the last few years. The geology of many countries is as yet unknown; only those portions which now happen to be dry land are exposed to view. Certain conditions are requisite for the preservation of an animal or plant in a fossil state. For instance, when a dead body sinks to the bottom of the sea it will decay, unless there is a sufficiently rapid deposition of sediment to surround and inclose the animal before decay commences. In every case,

¹ See *Fraser* of June and July, 1860.

also, the soft tegumentary portions of an organism must perish. The late Professor Forbes has remarked, "Numbers of our fossil species are known and named from single and broken specimens, or from a few specimens collected on some one spot." These considerations are important, and would suffice to account for the non-appearance of complete series of transitional forms. But Mr. Darwin frankly admits that the explanation of the almost entire absence of transitional forms must be mainly based upon those other causes which, according to his explanation, have made the geological record so extremely imperfect. The efficiency of denudation in completely removing every trace of a stratum, impressed itself upon Mr. Darwin's mind when, in the *Beagle*, he examined the western coast of South America. This coast along many hundred miles of its length is, by subterranean agency, gradually rising with a uniform velocity of about three feet in a century. Suppose this upheaval has been continuous, the time will then have been comparatively recent since many portions of this shore which are now dry land were undoubtedly covered with the ocean. Along this coast the rocks are being ceaselessly worn by the action of the waves, and rivers are constantly bearing to the sea sedimentary matter. It will therefore inevitably follow that upon the bed of the ocean strata are being continuously accumulated. Similar strata must have been formed upon the adjacent dry land before it was upheaved from the ocean; therefore it might be expected that here would be found a considerable accumulation of tertiary strata. Such, however, is not the case; the tertiary strata are so poorly developed, that they will be inevitably removed by rain and other atmospheric agencies before the expiration of a comparatively brief geological epoch. What, then, has become of those considerable strata which were undoubtedly accumulated upon this land when it formed the bed of the ocean? There is one way, and only one, by which we can account

for this removal of strata. As the bed of the ocean became gradually upheaved, different portions of the land, before emerging from the ocean, became subject to the action of coast-waves. Denudation consequently occurred; and the power and extent of this denudation is recorded by the fact, that of these stratified deposits the remains are too small to enable any permanent record of their former existence to be long preserved. Such considerations, Mr. Darwin maintains, may be extended to the whole world; for modern geology requires us to suppose that in every portion of this globe there have been alternate periods of depression and upheaval. There is reason to suppose that life can rarely be maintained beneath water of a certain depth. It has, for instance, been clearly demonstrated that those minute animals which build up our coral reefs require a certain amount of light, and that therefore they must work at a fixed distance beneath the surface of the ocean. Coral reefs exist on the coast of Australia many hundreds of feet in perpendicular height. The bed of the ocean, therefore, must have subsided with exactly the same rapidity as the walls of these coral reefs have risen in perpendicular height. In a similar manner, a deposit of great thickness filled with the same kind of fossil shells probably indicates that during the formation of this deposit the ocean remained of a uniform depth; or, in other words, the subsidence kept pace with the deposition of sedimentary matter. When this subsidence ceased, and an upheaval commenced, the rate of this upward movement may perhaps have been uniform with the former downward motion. The strata would then, as they approach the surface of the ocean, be subjected to a denudation by the coast-waves during a period equal to that which sufficed for their deposition. By this denudation Mr. Darwin maintains that we have every reason to suppose that a series of strata might be completely removed in a similar manner to those tertiary strata which, as we have before remarked, have been washed from off the rising coast of South

America. Against this theory of denudation, Mr. Hopkins has advanced an argument which is well worthy of serious consideration. In order that it may be stated in its full force, Mr. Hopkins's own words shall be used:—

"We believe the entire destruction of any sedimentary bed of considerable horizontal extent to have been of rare occurrence. All the more important denudations of which we have any evidence have been preceded by large upheavals, by which the strata have been tilted; and thus, while those portions of each stratum which have been most elevated may have been exposed to enormous denudation, those portions which have been least elevated or perhaps depressed, have been thus kept out of the reach of the denuding agencies. The entire obliteration of a stratum would require in general that it should be upheaved in such a manner as never to deviate sensibly from a horizontal position. In fact, this approximation to horizontality must be closer than it frequently may be during the time of deposition, for the smallest dip in an extensive stratum would place it in a condition as to denudation similar to that above described as due to large upheavals. The higher portions might be denuded, while the lower remain untouched. The Weald affords one of the best elucidations of denudation accompanied only by the partial destruction of strata. We have no reason to suppose that a single stratum has been obliterated by this denudation, which, while it has left scarcely a remnant of the removed beds in the central portion of the district, has left portions of them untouched on its borders, where they dip beneath the existing surface."

We cannot here enter more fully into this deeply interesting question. Our object has been to indicate as much of the character of the argument on both sides as would convince the reader that the solution of the problem which is here suggested involves many of the most complicated and profound princi-

ples of physical geology. And yet Mr. Darwin admits that with the solution of this question his whole theory must either stand or fall. Why, then, have his speculations in some quarters been received in so unscientific a spirit, when he maintains that they are based upon scientific principles, and boldly challenges these same principles to prove their incorrectness?

It might appear according to the geological record that whole groups of allied species have suddenly come upon the earth. This suggests another difficulty, which deserves careful consideration. Low down in the chalk, groups of teleostean fishes are found in great numbers, and it has been supposed that before them no traces are preserved of any species allied to these teleostean fishes. Yet such allied forms must undoubtedly have existed, if this new species has been introduced by a process of gradual development. The whole question, therefore, turns upon the degree of perfection which is to be attributed to the geological record. Mr. Darwin's position upon this subject has been most powerfully strengthened by a recent discovery in paleontology. Sessile cirripedes are found largely distributed over all tertiary strata, and they are of the most ubiquitous families of testacea existing at the present time. Until within a very few years not the slightest trace of a sessile cirripede had been found in any secondary strata, and the sessile cirripedes might have been quoted against Mr. Darwin with even more effect than the teleostean fishes. It was, in fact, repeatedly said, "Here are a group of animals so easily preserved that they are fossilized in great numbers in all tertiary strata. They cannot be found in any secondary strata. Is it not therefore evident that they could not have been gradually developed, but that they were suddenly created at the commencement of the tertiary period?"

Mr. Darwin would then, as he does now, have in vain besought his opponents not to place too implicit confidence in the perfection of the geological record.

But within the last few months a skilful paleontologist, M. Bosquet, has sent Mr. Darwin a drawing of a perfect specimen of an unmistakeable sessile cirripede, which he had himself extracted from the chalk of Belgium. And, as if to make the case as striking as possible, this sessile cirripede was a *Chthamalus*, a very large and ubiquitous genus, of which not one specimen has as yet been found, even in any tertiary stratum. Hence we now positively know that sessile cirripedes existed during the secondary period; and these cirripedes might have been the progenitors of our many tertiary and existing species.

Since, before this discovery, nothing appeared more improbable than that sessile cirripedes were to be found in the secondary period, ought we to regard the difficulty suggested by the teleostean fishes as insuperable? For who can say that in a similar manner advancing knowledge may not some day remove it? Already M. Pictet has carried the existence of the teleostean fishes one stage beyond the period when it has been supposed they were suddenly created. Other eminent paleontologists incline to the belief "that some much older fishes, whose affinities are as yet imperfectly known, are really teleostean."

Mr. Darwin appears desirous to maintain, as a probable inference from his theory, that every past and present organism has descended from four original forms. Such an inference is at once met by a very obvious objection; for it requires us to suppose that life existed upon this planet long previous to the deposition of those Silurian rocks which afford us the first traces of fossil remains. Mr. Darwin is consequently compelled to assert that fossil-bearing rocks of a date long anterior to the Silurian period were once deposited, but have been either removed or transformed.

Many of those who may be inclined to agree with Mr. Darwin that all organisms have descended from a few original forms will, perhaps, think that it is unfortunate to lay stress upon such

a supposition. It is not involved in the theory, nor is it a necessary inference from it; it cannot, therefore, be advisable to allow speculative difficulties to add to the obstacles against which the theory has to contend. There is a great problem to be solved, and its enunciation may involve nothing which can even be disputed; for it is a demonstrated truth, that those organisms of which we have the first record were succeeded by new and distinct species, and that the same process has been again and again repeated. What has been the agency to affect this succession of life? All must admit that such a problem really presents itself for solution. Why, then, attempt to make the solution likewise indicate the form in which life was first introduced upon this earth? Transmutationists and non-transmutationists must agree that life was originally introduced by an act of Creative Will, and a transmutationist need not necessarily concern himself with the number of forms which were thus first spontaneously created.

In an earlier part of this paper we have endeavoured to point out the analogy between the process of natural selection and the method which is pursued by the horticulturist and the breeder of animals. The question will very probably arise, What has the horticulturist and the breeder of animals effected towards the creation of a new species? It is important to consider this question, because it will lead to the perception of that imperfection in the common definition of species which we have already alluded to. Breeds of pigeons which have undoubtedly descended from the same original stock have been made by the pigeon-fancier, so different in their structure that, if they were found as fossils, they would be undoubtedly classed as distinct species. But they are not regarded as distinct species, because they are fertile with each other. Man has never yet made two varieties from the same stock to differ so much from each other as to possess the great characteristic of distinct species, namely, infertility. If this is ever effected, it will be the greatest ex-

perimental corroboration of Mr. Darwin's theory. Man, therefore, has already produced what may be termed a morphological species, but he has not produced a physiological species. This is a distinction which ought to be kept carefully in view; for there is not any amount of structural difference which would enable us *a priori* to predict whether two animals were infertile with each other—this being the only reliable test of physiological species. Thus the horse differs from the ass in only two particulars. The horse has a bushy tail; the ass a tufted tail. The horse has callosities on the inner side of both the fore and hind legs; the ass has callosities only on the inner side of the fore legs.¹ No trace of these characteristic differences could be found in fossil specimens of the horse and ass. If, therefore, found fossil, they could but be classed as belonging to the same species; but, when the physiological test is applied, they are at once ranked as distinct species, because the offspring of the horse and the ass are infertile. And, therefore, with reference to the classification of species, we often argue in a vicious circle. Thus, formerly, every botanist considered the cowslip and the primrose as belonging to two distinct species; but within the last few years horticulturists have unmistakeably produced the cowslip from the primrose; and, therefore, it would appear that they might claim to have produced a species by the accumulation of the differences presented by varieties. Thus one species would have been generated from another species; and the great species question could be regarded as solved. But then

* Further information upon this subject will be found in a most able Essay on Mr. Darwin, in the *Westminster Review* for April, 1860.

it is at once rejoined, "This has not, by an ocular demonstration of the efficiency of development, been done. Our original classification was wrong. It is true we should not have discovered its error unless you had made your experiment, because, without such an experiment, we must have continued to believe that the cowslip and the primrose were specifically distinct."

We have now exhausted all the space we can claim; we trust we have devoted it to a candid exposition of the leading points of Mr. Darwin's theory, and that we have fairly stated the most important arguments on the other side. Our object will be fully attained if we induce those who do not know the work itself to peruse it with an unprejudiced mind. It is not for us to hazard a prediction as to the ultimate fate of the theory itself. Dr. Hooker, a man of the highest scientific reputation, when closing a most remarkable discussion at the late meeting of the British Association, used emphatic words to the following effect:—"I knew " of this theory fifteen years ago; I was " then entirely opposed to it; I argued " against it again and again; but since " then I have devoted myself unremittingly to natural history; in its pursuit " I have travelled round the world. " Facts in this science which before were " inexplicable to me became one by one " explained by this theory, and conviction has been thus gradually forced " upon an unwilling convert." Other minds may perhaps pass through similar stages of primary doubt and ultimate belief; but, be that as it may, if Mr. Darwin's theory were disproved to-morrow, the volume in which it has been expounded would still remain one of our most interesting, most valuable, and most accurate treatises on natural history.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BROWN PATRONUS.

On a Saturday afternoon in August, a few weeks after his eventful ride, Tom returned to Englebourn Rectory, to stay over Sunday and attend Betty Winburn's funeral. He was strangely attracted to Harry by the remembrance of their old boyish rivalry; by the story which he had heard from his cousin, of the unwavering perseverance with which the young peasant clung to and pursued his suit for Simon's daughter; but, more than all, by the feeling of gratitude with which he remembered the effect his visit to Betty's sick-room had had on him, on the day of his ride from Barton Manor. On that day he knew that he had ridden into Englebourn in a miserable mental fog, and had ridden out of it in sunshine, which had lasted through the intervening weeks. Somehow or another he had got set straight then and there, turned into the right road and out of the wrong one, at what he very naturally believed to be the most critical moment of his life.

Without stopping to weigh accurately the respective merits of the several persons whom he had come in contact with on that day, he credited them all with a large amount of gratitude and good will, and Harry with his mother's share as well as his own. So he had been longing to *do* something for him ever since. The more he rejoiced in, and gave himself up to his own new sensations, the more did his gratitude become as it were a burden to him; and yet no opportunity offered of letting off some of it in action. The Magistrates, taking into consideration the dangerous state of his mother, had let Harry off with a reprimand for his assault; so there was nothing to be done there. He wrote to Katie offering more money for the Winburns; but she de-

clined—adding, however, to her note, by way of postscript, that he might give it to her clothing club or coal club. Then came the news of Betty's death, and an intimation from Katie that she thought Harry would be much gratified if he would attend the funeral. He jumped at the suggestion. All Englebourn, from the Hawk's Lynch to the Rectory, was hallowed ground to him. The idea of getting back there, so much nearer to Barton Manor, filled him with joy, which he tried in vain to repress when he thought of the main object of his visit.

He arrived in time to go and shake hands with Harry before dinner; and, though scarcely a word passed between them, he saw with delight that he had evidently given pleasure to the mourner. Then he had a charming long evening with Katie, walking in the garden with her between dinner and tea, and after tea discoursing in low tones over her work table, while Mr. Winter benevolently slept in his arm-chair. Their discourse branched into many paths, but managed always somehow to end in the sayings, beliefs, and perfections of the young lady of Barton Manor. Tom wondered how it had happened so when he got to his own room, as he fancied he had not betrayed himself in the least. He had determined to keep resolutely on his guard, and to make a confidant of no living soul till he was twenty-one, and, though sorely tempted to break his resolution in favour of Katie, had restrained himself. He might have spared himself all the trouble; but this he did not know, being unversed in the ways of women, and all unaware of the subtlety and quickness of their intuitions in all matters connected with the heart. Poor, dear, stolid, dim-sighted mankind, how they do see through us and walk round us!

The funeral on the Sunday afternoon

between churches had touched him much, being the first he had ever attended. He walked next behind the chief mourner—the few friends, amongst whom David was conspicuous, yielding place to him. He stood beside him in Church, and at the open grave, and made the responses as firmly as he could, and pressed his shoulder against his, when he felt the strong frame of the son trembling with the weight and burden of his resolutely suppressed agony. When they parted at the cottage door, to which Tom accompanied the mourner and his old and tried friend David, though nothing but a look and a grasp of the hand passed between them, he felt that they were bound by a new and invisible bond; and, as he walked back up the village and past the churchyard, where the children were playing about on the graves—stopping every now and then to watch the sexton as he stamped down, and filled in the mould on the last made one, beside which he had himself stood as a mourner—and heard the bells beginning to chime for the afternoon service, he resolved within himself that he would be a true and helpful friend to the widow's son. On this subject he could talk freely to Katie; and he did so that evening, expounding how much one in his position could do for a young labouring man if he really was bent upon it, and building up grand castles for Harry, the foundations of which rested on his own determination to benefit and patronize him. Katie listened half doubtingly at first, but was soon led away by his confidence, and poured out the tea in the full belief that, with Tom's powerful aid, all would go well. After which they took to reading the Christian Year together, and branched into discussions on profane poetry, which Katie considered scarcely proper for the evening, but which, nevertheless, being of such rare occurrence with her, she had not the heart to stop.

The next morning Tom was to return home. After breakfast he began the subject of his plans for Harry again, when Katie produced a small paper packet, and handed it to him, saying—

"Here is your money again!"

"What money?"

"The money you left with me for Harry Winburn. I thought at the time that most probably he would not take it."

"But are you sure he doesn't want it? Did you try hard to get him to take it?" said Tom, holding out his hand reluctantly for the money.

"Not myself. I couldn't offer him money myself, of course; but I sent it by David, and begged him to do all he could to persuade him to take it."

"Well, and why wouldn't he?"

"Oh, he said the club-money which was coming in was more than enough to pay for the funeral, and for himself he didn't want it."

"How provoking! I wonder if old David really did his best to get him to take it?"

"Yes, I am sure he did. But you ought to be very glad to find some independence in a poor man."

"Bother his independence! I don't like to feel that it costs me nothing but talk—I want to pay."

"Ah, Tom, if you knew the poor as well as I do, you wouldn't say so. I am afraid there are not two other men in the parish who would have refused your money. The fear of undermining their independence takes away all my pleasure in giving."

"Undermining! Why, Katie, I am sure I have heard you mourn over their stubbornness and unreasonableness."

"Oh, yes, they are often provokingly stubborn and unreasonable, and yet not independent about money, or anything they can get out of you. Besides, I acknowledge that I have become wiser of late; I used to like to see them dependent, and cringing to me, but now I dread it."

"But you would like David to give in about the singing, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, if he would give in I should be very proud. I have learnt a great deal from him; I used positively to dislike him; but, now that I know him, I think him the best man in the parish.

If he ever does give in—and I think he will—it will be worth anything, just because he is so independent.”

“That’s all very well ; but what am I to do to show Harry Winburn that I mean to be his friend, if he won’t take money ?”

“You have come over to his mother’s funeral—he will think more of that than of all the money you could give him ; and you can show sympathy for him in a great many ways.”

“Well, I must try. By the way, about his love affair ; is the young lady at home ? I have never seen her, you know.”

“No, she is away with an aunt, looking out for a place. I have persuaded her to get one, and leave home again for the present. Her father is quite well now, and she is not wanted.”

“Well, it seems I can’t do any good with her, then ; but could not I go and talk to her father about Harry ? I might help him in that way.”

“You must be very careful ; Simon is such an odd-tempered old man.”

“Oh, I’m not afraid ; he and I are great chums, and a little soft soap will go a long way with him. Fancy, if I could get him this very morning to ‘sanction Harry’s suit,’ as the phrase is, what should you think of me ?”

“I should think very highly of your powers of persuasion.”

Not the least daunted by his cousin’s misgivings, Tom started in quest of Simon, and found him at work in front of the greenhouse, surrounded by many small pots and heaps of finely-sifted mould, and absorbed in his occupation.

Simon was a rough, stolid Berkshire rustic, somewhat of a tyrant in the bosom of his family, an unmanageable servant, a cross-grained acquaintance ; as a citizen, stiff-necked and a grumbler, who thought that nothing ever went right in the parish ; but, withal, a thorough honest worker ; and, when allowed to go his own way—and no other way would he go, as his mistress had long since discovered—there was no man who earned his daily bread more honestly. He took a pride in his work,

and the rectory garden was always trim and well kept, and the beds bright with flowers from early spring till late autumn.

He was absorbed in what he was about, and Tom came up close to him without attracting the least sign of recognition ; so he stopped, and opened the conversation.

“Good day, Simon ; it’s a pleasure to see a garden looking so gay as yours.”

Simon looked up from his work, and, when he saw who it was, touched his battered old hat, and answered,—

“Mornin, Sir ! Ees, you finds me allus in blume.”

“Indeed I do, Simon ; but how do you manage it ? I should like to tell my father’s gardener.”

“’Tis no use to tell un if a hev’nt found out for his self ; ’tis nothing but lookin’ a bit forrad and farm-yard stuff as does it.”

“Well, there’s plenty of farm-yard stuff at home, and yet, somehow, we never look half so bright as you do.”

“May be as your gardener just takes and hits it auver the top o’ the ground, and lets it lie. That’s no kinder good, that beant—’tis the roots as wants the stuff ; and you med jist as well take and put a round o’ beef agin my back bwone as hit the stuff auver the ground, and never see as it gets to the roots o’ the plants.”

“No, I don’t think it can be that,” said Tom, laughing ; “our gardener seems always to be digging his manure in, but somehow he can’t make it come out in flowers as you do.”

“Ther’ be mwore waays o’ killin’ a cat besides choking on un wi’ cream,” said Simon, chuckling in his turn.

“That’s true, Simon,” said Tom ; “the fact is, a gardener must know his business as well as you to be always in bloom, eh ?”

“That’s about it, Sir,” said Simon, on whom the flattery was beginning to tell.

Tom saw this, and thought he might now feel his way a little further with the old man.

“I’m over on a sad errand,” he said ; “I’ve been to poor Widow Win-

burn's funeral—she was an old friend of yours, I think?"

"Ees; I minds her long afore she wur married," said Simon, turning to his pots again.

"She wasn't an old woman, after all," said Tom.

"Sixty-two year old cum Michaelmas," said Simon.

"Well, she ought to have been a strong woman for another ten years at least; why, you must be older than she by some years, Simon, and you can do a good day's work yet with any man."

Simon went on with his potting without replying, except by a carefully-measured grunt, sufficient to show that he had heard the remark, and was not much impressed by it.

Tom saw that he must change his attack; so, after watching Simon for a minute, he began again.

"I wonder why it is that the men of your time of life are so much stronger than the young ones in constitution. Now, I don't believe there are three young men in Englebourne who would have got over that fall you had at Farmer Groves' so quick as you have; most young men would have been crippled for life by it."

"Zo 'em would, the young wosbirds. I dwon't make no account on 'em," said Simon.

"And you don't feel any the worse for it, Simon?"

"Narra mossel," replied Simon; but presently he seemed to recollect something, and added, "I wun't saay but what I feels it at times when I've got to stoop about much."

"Ah, I'm sorry to hear that, Siimon. Then you oughtn't to have so much stooping to do; potting, and that sort of thing, is the work for you, I should think, and just giving an eye to everything about the place. Anybody could do the digging and setting out cabbages, and your time is only wasted at it."—Tom had now found the old man's weak point.

"Ees, Sir, and so I tells Miss," he said; "but wi' nothin' but a bit o' glass no bigger'n a cowcumber frame 'tis

all as a man can do to keep a few plants alive droo' the winter."

"Of course," said Tom, looking round at the very respectable green-house which Simon had contemptuously likened to a cucumber-frame, "you ought to have at least another house as big as this for forcing."

"Master ain't pleased, he ain't," said Simon, "if he dwont get his things, his spring wegebatles, and his straw-berries, as early as though we'd a got forcin pits and glass like other folk. 'Tis a year and mwore since he promised as I sh'd hev glass along that ther' wall, but 'tis no nigher comin' as I can see. I be to spake to Miss about it now, he says, and, when I spakes to her, 'tis, 'Oh, Simon, we must wait till the 'spensary's 'stablished,' or 'Oh, Simon, last winter wur a werry tryin wun, and the sick club's terrible bad off for funds,'—and so we gwoes on, and med gwo on, for aught as I can see, so long as ther's a body sick or bad off in all the parish. And that'll be allus. For, what wi Miss's waitin on em, and sendin' on em dinners, and a'al the doctors stuff as is served out o' the 'spensary—wy, 'tis enough to keep em bad a'al ther lives. Ther aint no credit in gettin' well. Ther wur no sich a caddle about sick folk when I wur a buoy."

Simon had never been known to make such a long speech before, and Tom augured well for his negotiation.

"Well, Simon," he said, "I've been talking to my cousin, and I think she will do what you want now. The dispensary is set up, and the people are very healthy. How much glass should you want now along that wall?"

"A matter o' twenty fit or so," said Simon.

"I think that can be managed," said Tom; "I'll speak to my cousin about it; and then you would have plenty to do in the houses, and you'd want a regular man under you."

"Ees; t'would take two on us reg'lar to kep things as should be."

"And you ought to have somebody who knows what he is about. Can you

think of any one who would do, Simon?"

"There's a young chap as works for Squire Wurley. I've heard as he wants to better himself."

"But he isn't an Englebourne man. Isn't there any one in the parish?"

"Ne'er a one as I knows on."

"What do you think of Harry Winburn—he seems a good hand with flowers?" The words had scarcely passed his lips when Tom saw that he had made a mistake. Old Simon retired into himself at once, and a cunning distrustful look came over his face. There was no doing anything with him. Even the new forcing house had lost its attractions for him, and Tom, after some further ineffectual attempts to bring him round, returned to the house somewhat crest-fallen.

"Well, how have you succeeded?" said Katie, looking up from her work, as he came in and sat down near her table. Tom shook his head.

"I'm afraid I've made a regular hash of it," he said. "I thought at first I had quite come round the old savage by praising the garden, and promising that you would let him have a new house."

"You don't mean to say you did that!" said Katie, stopping her work.

"Indeed, but I did, though. I was drawn on, you know. I saw it was the right card to play; so I couldn't help it."

"Oh, Tom! how could you do so? We don't want another house the least in the world; it is only Simon's vanity. He wants to beat the gardener at the Grange at the flower-shows. Every penny will have to come out of what papa allows me for the parish."

"Don't be afraid, Katie; you won't have to spend a penny. Of course I reserved a condition. The new house was to be put up if he would take Harry as under gardener."

"What did he say to that?"

"Well, he said nothing. I never came across such an old Turk. How you have spoiled him! If he isn't pleased, he won't take the trouble to answer you a word. I was very near telling him a piece of my mind. But he looked all

the more. I believe he would poison Harry if he came here. What can have made him hate him so?"

"He is jealous of him. Mary and I were so foolish as to praise poor Betty's flowers before Simon, and he has never forgiven it. I think, too, that he suspects, somehow, that we talked about getting Harry here. I ought to have told you, but I quite forgot it."

"Well, it can't be helped. I don't think I can do any good in that quarter; so now I shall be off to the Grange, to see what I can do there."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, Harry is afraid of being turned out of his cottage. I saw how it worried him, thinking about it; so I shall go to the Grange, and say a good word for him. Wurley can't refuse, if I offer to pay the rent myself—it's only six pounds a year. Of course, I shan't tell Harry; and he will pay it all the same; but it may make all the difference with Wurley, who is a regular screw."

"Do you know Mr. Wurley?"

"Yes, just to speak to. He knows all about me, and he will be very glad to be civil."

"No doubt he will; but I don't like your going to his house. You don't know what a bad man he is. Nobody but men on the turf, and that sort of people, go there now; and I believe he thinks of nothing but gambling and game-preserving."

"Oh yes, I know all about him. The county people are beginning to look shy at him; so he'll be all the more likely to do what I ask him."

"But you won't get intimate with him?"

"You needn't be afraid of that."

"It is a sad house to go to—I hope it won't do you any harm."

"Ah, Katie!" said Tom, with a smile, not altogether cheerful, "I don't think you need be anxious about that. When one has been a year at Oxford, there isn't much snow left to soil; so now I am off. I must give myself plenty of time to cook Wurley."

"Well, I suppose I must not hinder

you," said Katie. "I do hope you will succeed in some of your kind plans for Harry."

"I shall do my best; and it is a great thing to have somebody besides oneself to think about and try to help—some poor person—don't you think so, even for a man?"

"Of course I do. I am sure you can't be happy without it, any more than I. We shouldn't be our mother's children if we could be."

"Well, good-bye, dear; you can't think how I enjoy these glimpses of you and your work. You must give my love to Uncle Robert."

And so they bade one another adieu, lovingly, after the manner of cousins, and Tom rode away with a very soft place in his heart for his cousin Katie. It was not the least the same sort of passionate feeling of worship with which he regarded Mary. The two feelings could lie side by side in his heart with plenty of room to spare. In fact, his heart had been getting so big in the last few weeks, that it seemed capable of taking in the whole of mankind, not to mention woman. Still, on the whole, it may be safely asserted, that, had matters been in at all a more forward state, and could she have seen exactly what was passing in his mind, Mary would probably have objected to the kind of affection which he felt for his cousin at this particular time. The joke about cousinly love is probably as old, and certainly as true, as Solomon's proverbs. However, as matters stood, it could be no concern of Mary's what his feelings were towards Katie, or any other person.

Tom rode in at the lodge gate of the Grange soon after eleven o'clock, and walked his horse slowly through the park, admiring the splendid timber, and thinking how he should break his request to the owner of the place. But his thoughts were interrupted by the proceedings of the rabbits, which were out by hundreds all along the sides of the plantations, and round the great trees. A few of the nearest just deigned to notice him by scampering to their holes

under the roots of the antlered oaks, into which some of them popped with a disdainful kick of their hind legs, while others turned round, sat up, and looked at him. As he neared the house, he passed a keeper's cottage, and was saluted by the barking of dogs from the neighbouring kennel; and the young pheasants ran about round some twenty hen-coops, which were arranged along opposite the door where the keeper's children were playing. The pleasure of watching the beasts and birds kept him from arranging his thoughts, and he reached the hall-door without having formed the plan of his campaign.

A footman answered the bell, who doubted whether his master was down, but thought he would see the gentleman if he would send in his name. Whereupon Tom handed in his card; and, in a few minutes, a rakish-looking stable-boy came round for his horse, and the butler appeared, with his master's compliments, and a request that he would step into the breakfast-room. Tom followed this portly personage through the large handsome hall, on the walls of which hung a buff coat or two and some old-fashioned arms, and large paintings of dead game and fruit—through a drawing-room, the furniture of which was all covered up in melancholy cases—into the breakfast-parlour, where the owner of the mansion was seated at table in a lounging jacket. He was a man of forty, or thereabouts, who would have been handsome, but for the animal look about his face. His cheeks were beginning to fall into chops, his full lips had a liquorish look about them, and bags were beginning to form under his light blue eyes. His hands were very white and delicate, and shook a little as he poured out his tea; and he was full and stout in body, with small shoulders, and thin arms and legs; in short, the last man whom Tom would have chosen as bow in a pair oar. The only part of him which showed strength were his dark whiskers, which were abundant, and elaborately oiled and curled. The room was light and pleasant, with two windows looking over the park, and fur-

nished luxuriously, in the most modern style, with all manner of easy chairs and sofas. A glazed case or two of well-bound books showed that some former owner had cared for such things; but the doors had, probably, never been opened in the present reign. The master, and his usual visitors, found sufficient food for the mind in the Racing Calendar, Boxiana, the Adventures of Corinthian Tom, and *Bell's Life*, which lay on a side table; or in the pictures and prints of racers, opera dancers, and steeple-chases, which hung in profusion on the walls. The breakfast-table was beautifully appointed, in the matter of China and plate; and delicate little rolls, neat pats of butter in ice, and two silver hot dishes containing curry and broiled salmon, and a plate of fruit, piled in tempting profusion, appealed, apparently in vain, to the appetite of the lord of the feast.

"Mr. Brown, Sir," said the butler, ushering in our hero to his master's presence.

"Ah, Brown, I'm very glad to see you here," said Mr. Wurley, standing up and holding out his hand. "Have any breakfast?"

"Thank you, no, I have breakfasted," said Tom, somewhat astonished at the intimacy of the greeting; but it was his cue to do the friendly thing—so he shook the proffered hand, which felt very limp, and sat down by the table, looking pleasant.

"Ridden from home this morning?" said Mr. Wurley, picking over daintily some of the curry to which he had helped himself.

"No, I was at my uncle's, at Engle-bourn, last night. It is very little out of the way; so I thought I would just call on my road home."

"Quite right. I'm very glad you came without ceremony. People about here are so d—d full of ceremony. It don't suit me, all that humbug. But I wish you'd just pick a bit."

"Thank you. Then I will eat some fruit," said Tom, helping himself to some of the freshly-picked grapes; "how very fine these are!"

"Yes, I'm open to back my houses against the field for twenty miles round. This curry isn't fit for a pig. Take it out, and tell the cook so." The butler solemnly obeyed, while his master went on with one of the frequent oaths with which he garnished his conversation. "You're right, they can't spoil the fruit. They're a set of skulking devils, are servants. They think of nothing but stuffing themselves, and how they can cheat you most, and do the least work." Saying which, he helped himself to some fruit; and the two ate their grapes for a short time in silence. But even fruit seemed to pall quickly on him, and he pushed away his plate. The butler came back with a silver tray, with soda water, and a small decanter of brandy, and long glasses on it.

"Won't you have something after your ride?" said the host to Tom; "some soda water with a dash of bingo clears one's head in the morning."

"No, thank you," said Tom, smiling, "its bad for training."

"Ah, you Oxford men are all for training," said his host, drinking greedily of the foaming mixture which the butler handed to him. "A glass of bitter ale is what you take, eh? I know. Get some ale for Mr. Brown."

Tom felt that it would be uncivil to refuse this orthodox offer, and took his beer accordingly, after which his host produced a box of Hudson's Regalia, and proposed to look at the stables. So they lighted their cigars, and went out. Mr. Wurley had taken of late to the turf, and they inspected several young horses which were entered for country stakes. Tom thought them weedy-looking animals, but patiently listened to their praises and pedigrees, upon which his host was eloquent enough; and, rubbing up his latest readings in *Bell's Life*, and the racing talk which he had been in the habit of hearing in Drysdale's rooms, managed to hold his own, and asked, with a grave face, about the price of the Coronation colt for the next Derby, and whether Scott's lot was not the right thing to stand on for the St. Leger, thereby raising himself con-

siderably in his host's eyes. There were no hunters in the stable, at which Tom expressed his surprise. In reply, Mr. Wurley abused the country, and declared that it was not worth riding across—the fact being that he had lost his nerve, and that the reception which he was beginning to meet with in the field, if he came out by chance, was of the coldest.

From the stables they strolled to the keeper's cottage, where Mr. Wurley called for some buckwheat and Indian corn, and began feeding the young pheasants, which were running about almost like barn-door fowls close to them.

"We've had a good season for the young birds," he said; "my fellow knows that part of his business, d—n him, and don't lose many. You had better bring your gun over in October; we shall have a week in the covers early in the month."

"Thank you, I shall be very glad," said Tom; "but you don't shoot these birds?"

"Shoot 'em! what the devil should I do with them?"

"Why, they're so tame I thought you just kept them about the house for breeding. I don't care so much for pheasant shooting; I like a good walk after a snipe, or creeping along to get a wild duck, much better. There's some sport in it, or even in partridge shooting with a couple of good dogs, now—"

"You're quite wrong. There's nothing like a good dry ride in a cover with lots of game, and a fellow behind to load for you."

"Well, I must say, I prefer the open."

"You've no covers over your way, have you?"

"Not many."

"I thought so. You wait till you've had a good day in my covers, and you won't care for quivering all day over wet turnips. Besides, this sort of thing pays. They talk about pheasants costing a guinea a head on one's table. It's all stuff; at any rate, mine don't cost *me* much. In fact, I say it pays, and I can prove it."

"But you feed your pheasants?"

"Yes, just round the house for a few weeks, and I sow a little buckwheat in the covers. But they have to keep themselves pretty much, I can tell you."

"Don't the farmers object?"

"Yes, d—n them; they're never satisfied. But they don't grumble to *me*; they know better. There are a dozen fellows ready to take any farm that's given up, and they know it. Just get a beggar to put a hundred or two into the ground, and he won't quit hold in a hurry. Will you play a game at billiards?"

The turn which their conversation had taken hitherto had offered no opening to Tom for introducing the object of his visit, and he felt less and less inclined to come to the point. He looked his host over and over again, and the more he looked the less he fancied asking anything like a favour of him. However, as it had to be done, he thought he couldn't do better than fall into his ways for a few hours, and watch for a chance. The man seemed good-natured in his way; and all his belongings—the fine park and house, and gardens and stables—were not without their effect on his young guest. It is not given to many men of twice his age to separate a man from his possessions, and look at him apart from them. So he yielded easily enough, and they went to billiards in a fine room opening out of the hall; and Tom, who was very fond of the game, soon forgot everything in the pleasure of playing on such a table.

It was not a bad match. Mr. Wurley understood the game far better than his guest, and could give him advice as to what side to put on and how to play for cannons. This he did in a patronizing way, but his hand was unsteady and his nerve bad. Tom's good eye and steady hand, and the practice he had had at the St. Ambrose pool-table, gave him considerable advantage in the hazards. And so they played on, Mr. Wurley condescending to bet only half-a-crown a game, at first giving ten points, and then five, at which latter odds Tom managed to be two games ahead when the butler announced lunch, at two o'clock.

"I think I must order my horse," said Tom putting on his coat.

"No, curse it, you must give me my revenge. I'm always five points better after lunch, and after dinner I could give you fifteen points. Why shouldn't you stop and dine and sleep? I expect some men to dinner."

"Thank you, I must get home to-day."

"I should like you to taste my mutton; I never kill it under five years old. You don't get that every day."

Tom, however, was proof against the mutton; but consented to stay till towards the hour when the other guests were expected, finding that his host had a decided objection to being left alone. So, after lunch, at which Mr. Wurley drank the better part of a bottle of old sherry to steady his nerves, they returned again to billiards and Hudson's regalias.

They played on for another hour; and, though Mr. Wurley's hand was certainly steadier, the luck remained with Tom. He was now getting rather tired of playing, and wanted to be leaving, and he began to remember the object of his visit again. But Mr. Wurley was nettled at being beaten by a boy, as he counted his opponent, and wouldn't hear of leaving off. So Tom played on carelessly game after game, and was soon again only two games ahead. Mr. Wurley's temper was recovering, and now Tom protested that he must go. Just one game more his host urged, and Tom consented. Wouldn't he play for a sovereign? No. So they played double or quits; and after a sharp struggle Mr. Wurley won the game, at which he was highly elated, and talked again grandly of the odds he could give after dinner.

Tom felt that it was now or never, and so as he put on his coat, he said,

"Well, I'm much obliged to you for a very pleasant day, Mr. Wurley."

"I hope you'll come over again, and stay and sleep. I shall always be glad to see you. It is so cursed hard to keep somebody always going in the country."

"Thank you; I should like to come again. But now I want to ask a favour of you before I go."

"Eh, well, what is it?" said Mr. Wurley, whose face and manner became suddenly anything but encouraging.

"There's that cottage of yours, the one at the corner of Englebourn copse, next the village."

"The woodman's house, I know," said Mr. Wurley.

"The tenant is dead, and I want you to let it to a friend of mine; I'll take care the rent is paid."

Mr. Wurley pricked up his ears at this announcement. He gave a sharp look at Tom; and then bent over the table, made a stroke, and said, "Ah, I heard the old woman was dead. Who's your friend, then?"

"Well, I mean her son," said Tom, a little embarrassed; "he's an active young fellow, and will make a good tenant, I'm sure."

"I dare say," said Mr. Wurley, with a leer; "and I suppose there's a sister to keep house for him, eh?"

"No, but he wants to get married."

"Wants to get married, eh?" said Mr. Wurley, with another leer and oath. "You're right; that's a deal safer kind of thing for you."

"Yes," said Tom, resolutely disregarding the insinuation which he could not help feeling was intended; "it will keep him steady, and if he can get the cottage it might make all the difference. There wouldn't be much trouble about the marriage then, I dare say."

"You'll find it a devilish long way. You're quite right, mind you, not to get them settled close at home; but Englebourn is too far, I should say."

"What does it matter to me?"

"Oh, you're tired of her! I see. Perhaps it won't be too far, then."

"Tired of her! who do you mean?"

"Ha, ha!" said Mr. Wurley, looking up from the table over which he was leaning, for he went on knocking the balls about; "devilish well acted! But you needn't try to come the old soldier over me. I'm not quite such a fool as that."

"I don't know what you mean by coming the old soldier. I only asked you to let the cottage, and I will be

responsible for the rent. I'll pay in advance if you like."

"Yes, you want me to let the cottage for you to put in this girl."

"I beg your pardon," said Tom, interrupting him, and scarcely able to keep his temper; "I told you it was for this young Winburn."

"Of course you told me so. Ha, ha!"

"And you don't believe me?"

"Come now, all's fair in love and war. But, I tell you, you needn't be mealy-mouthed with me. You don't mind his living there; he's away at work all day, eh? and his wife stays at home."

"Mr. Wurley, I give you my honour I never saw the girl in my life that I know of, and I don't know that she will marry him."

"What did you talk about your friend for, then?" said Mr. Wurley, stopping and staring at Tom, curiosity beginning to mingle with his look of cunning unbelief.

"Because I meant just what I said."

"And the friend, then?"

"I have told you several times that this young Winburn is the man."

"What, *your friend*?"

"Yes, my friend," said Tom; and he felt himself getting red at having to call Harry his friend in such company. Mr. Wurley looked at him for a few moments, and then took his leg off the billiard table, and came round to Tom with the sort of patronizing air with which he had lectured him on billiards.

"I say, Brown, I'll give you a piece of advice," he said. "You're a young fellow, and haven't seen anything of the world. Oxford's all very well, but it isn't the world. Now I tell you, a young fellow can't do himself greater harm than getting into low company and talking as you have been talking. It might ruin you in the county. That sort of radical stuff won't do, you know, calling a farm labourer your friend."

Tom chafed at this advice from a man who, he well knew, was notoriously in the habit of entertaining at his house, and living familiarly with, betting men and trainers, and all the riff-raff of the

turf. But he restrained himself by a considerable effort, and, instead of retorting, as he felt inclined to do, said, with an attempt to laugh it off, "Thank you, I don't think there's much fear of my turning radical. But will you let me the cottage?"

"My agent manages all that. We talked about pulling it down. The cottage is in my preserves, and I don't mean to have some poaching fellow there to be sneaking out at night after my pheasants."

"But his grandfather and great-grandfather lived there."

"I dare say, but it's my cottage."

"But surely that gives him a claim to it."

"D—n it! it's my cottage. You're not going to tell me I mayn't do what I like with it, I suppose."

"I only said that his family having lived there so long gives him a claim."

"A claim to what? These are some more of your cursed radical notions. I think they might teach you something better at Oxford."

Tom was now perfectly cool, but withal in such a tremendous fury of excitement that he forgot the interests of his client altogether.

"I came here, sir," he said, very quietly and slowly, "not to request your advice on my own account, or your opinion on the studies of Oxford, valuable as no doubt they are: I came to ask you to let this cottage to me, and I wish to have your answer."

"I'll be d—d if I do; there's my answer."

"Very well," said Tom; "then I have only to wish you good morning. I am sorry to have wasted a day in the company of a man who sets up for a country gentleman with the tongue of a Thames bargee and the heart of a Jew pawnbroker."

Mr. Wurley rushed to the bell and rang it furiously. "By—!" he almost screamed, shaking his fist at Tom, "I'll have you horse-whipped out of my house;" and then poured forth a flood of uncomplimentary slang, ending in another pull at the bell, and "By—I'll

have you horse-whipped out of my house."

"You had better try it on—you and your lunkies together," said Tom, taking a cigar-case out of his pocket and lighting up, the most defiant and exasperating action he could think of on the spur of the moment. "Here's one of them; so I'll leave you to give him his orders, and wait five minutes in the hall, where there's more room." And so, leaving the footman gaping at his lord, he turned on his heel, with the air of Bernardo del Carpio after he had bearded King Alphonso, and walked into the hall.

He heard men running to and fro, and doors banging, as he stood there looking at the old buff-coats, and rather thirsting for a fight. Presently a door opened, and the portly butler shuffled in, looking considerably embarrassed, and said,—

"Please, sir, to go out quiet, else he'll be having one of his fits."

"Your master, you mean?"

"Yes, sir," said the butler, nodding, "D. T., sir. After one of his rages the black dog comes, and its hawful work; so I hope you'll go, sir."

"Very well, of course I'll go. I don't want to give him a fit." Saying which, Tom walked out of the hall-door, and leisurely round to the stables, where he found already signs of commotion. Without regarding them, he got his horse saddled and bridled, and, after looking him over carefully, and patting him, and feeling his girths, in the yard, in the presence of a cluster of retainers of one sort or another, who were gathering from the house and offices, and looking sorely puzzled whether to commence hostilities or not, mounted and walked quietly out.

After his anger had been a little cooled by the fresh air of the wild country at the back of the Hawk's Lynch, which he struck into on his way home soon after leaving the park, it suddenly occurred to him that, however satisfactory to himself the results of his encounter with this unjust landlord might seem, they would probably prove anything but agreeable to the would-be tenant,

Harry Winburn. In fact, as he meditated on the matter, it became clear to him that in the course of one morning he had probably exasperated old Simon against his aspirant son-in-law, and put a serious spoke in Harry's love-wheel, on the one hand, while, on the other, he had insured his speedy expulsion from his cottage, if not the demolition of that building. Whereupon he became somewhat low under the conviction that his friendship, which was to work such wonders for the said Harry, and deliver him out of all his troubles, had as yet only made his whole look-out in the world very much darker and more dusty. In short, as yet he had managed to do considerably less than nothing for his friend, and he felt very small before he got home that evening. He was far, however, from being prepared for the serious way in which his father looked upon his day's proceedings. Mr. Brown was sitting by himself after dinner when his son turned up, and had to drink several extra glasses of port to keep himself decently composed, while Tom narrated the events of the day in the intervals of his attacks on the dinner, which was brought back for him. When the servant had cleared away, Mr. Brown proceeded to comment on the history in a most decided manner.

Tom was wrong to go to the Grange in the first instance; and this part of the homily was amplified by a discourse on the corruption of the turf in general, and the special curse of small country races in particular, which such men as Wurley supported, and which, but for them, would cease. Racing, which used to be the pastime of great people, who could well afford to spend a few thousands a year on their pleasure, had now mostly fallen into the hands of the very worst and lowest men of all classes, most of whom would not scruple—as Mr. Brown strongly put it—to steal a copper out of a blind beggar's hat. If he must go, at any rate he might have done his errand and come away, instead of staying there all day accepting the man's hospitality. Mr. Brown himself really should be much embarrassed to know what to do

if the man should happen to attend the next sessions or assizes. But, above all, having accepted his hospitality, to turn round at the end and insult the man in his own house! This seemed to Brown *père* a monstrous and astounding performance.

This new way of putting matters took Tom entirely by surprise. He attempted a defence, but in vain. His father admitted that it would be a hard case if Harry were turned out of his cottage, but wholly refused to listen to Tom's endeavours to prove that a tenant in such a case had any claim or right as against his landlord. A weekly tenant was a weekly tenant, and no succession of weeks' holding could make him anything more. Tom found himself rushing into a line of argument which astonished himself and sounded wild, but in which he felt sure there was some truth, and which, therefore, he would not abandon, though his father was evidently annoyed, and called it mere mischievous sentiment. Each was more moved than he would have liked to own; each in his own heart felt aggrieved, and blamed the other for not understanding him. But, though obstinate on the general question, upon the point of his conduct in leaving the Grange Tom was fairly brought to shame, and gave in at last, and expressed his sorrow, though he could not help maintaining that, if his father could have heard what took place, and seen the man's manner, he would scarcely blame him for what he had said and done. Having once owned himself in the wrong, however, there was nothing for it but to write an apology, the composition of which was as disagreeable a task as had ever fallen to his lot.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Mnêv àyar.

Has any person, of any nation or language, found out and given to the world any occupation, work, diversion, or pursuit, more subtly dangerous to the susceptible youth of both sexes than that of nutting in pairs? If so, who,

where, what? A few years later in life, perhaps district visiting, and attending schools together, may in certain instances be more fatal; but, in the first bright days of youth, a day's nutting against the world! A day in autumn, warm enough to make sitting in sheltered nooks in the woods, where the sunshine can get, very pleasant, and yet not too warm to make exercise uncomfortable; two young people who have been thrown much together, one of whom is conscious of the state of his feelings towards the other, and is, moreover, aware that his hours are numbered, that in a few days at furthest they will be separated for many months, that persons in authority on both sides are beginning to suspect something (as is apparent from the difficulty they have had in getting away together at all on this same afternoon)—here is a conjunction of persons and circumstances, if ever there was one in the world, which is surely likely to end in a catastrophe. Indeed, so obvious to the meanest capacity is the danger of the situation that, as Tom had, in his own mind, staked his character for resolution with his private self on the keeping of his secret till after he was of age, it is hard to conceive how he can have been foolish enough to get himself into a hazel copse alone with Miss Mary on the earliest day he could manage it after the arrival of the Porters, on their visit to Mr. and Mrs. Brown. That is to say, it would be hard to conceive, if it didn't just happen to be the most natural thing in the world.

For the first twenty-four hours after their meeting in the home of his fathers, the two young people, and Tom in particular, felt very uncomfortable. Mary, being a young lady of very high spirits, and, as readers may probably have discovered, much given to that kind of conversation which borders as nearly upon what men commonly call chaff as a well-bred girl can venture on, was annoyed to find herself quite at fault in all her attempts to get her old antagonist of Commemoration to show fight. She felt in a moment how changed his manner was, and thought it by no means

changed for the better. As for Tom, he felt foolish and shy at first to an extent which drove him half wild; his words stuck in his throat, and he took to blushing again like a boy of fourteen. In fact, he got so angry with himself that he rather avoided her actual presence, though she was scarcely a moment out of his sight. Mr. Brown made the most of his son's retreat, devoted himself most gallantly to Mary, and was completely captivated by the first night of their arrival, and triumphed over his wife when they were alone at the groundlessness of her suspicions. But she was by no means so satisfied on the subject as her husband.

In a day or two, however, Tom began to take heart of grace, and to find himself oftener at Mary's side, with something to say, and more to look. But now she, in her turn, began to be embarrassed, for all attempts to re-establish their old footing failed; and the difficulty of finding a satisfactory new one remained to be solved. So for the present, though neither of them found it quite satisfactory, they took refuge in the presence of a third party, and attached themselves to Katie, talking at one another through her. Nothing could exceed Katie's judiciousness as a medium of communication; and through her a better understanding began to establish itself, and the visit which both of them had been looking forward to so eagerly seemed likely, after all, to be as pleasant in fact as it had been in anticipation. As they became more at ease, the vigilance of Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Porter seemed likely to revive. But in a country house there must be plenty of chances for young folk who mean it to be together; and so they found and made use of their opportunities, giving at the same time as little cause to their natural guardians as possible for any serious interference. The families got on, on the whole, so well together that the visit was prolonged from the original four or five days to a fortnight; and this time of grace was drawing to a close when the event happened which made the visit memorable to our hero.

On the morning in question, Mr. Brown arranged at breakfast that he and his wife should drive Mr. and Mrs. Porter to make calls on several of the neighbours. Tom declared his intention of taking a long day after the partridges, and the young ladies were to go and make a sketch of the house from a point which Katie had chosen. Accordingly, directly after luncheon the carriage came round, and the elders departed, and the young ladies started together, carrying their sketching apparatus with them.

It was probably a bad day for scent, for they had not been gone a quarter of an hour when Tom came home, deposited his gun, and followed on their steps. He found them sitting under the lee of a high bank, sufficiently intent on their drawings, but neither surprised nor sorry to find that he had altered his mind and come back to interrupt them. So he lay down near them, and talked of Oxford, and Engle-bourn, and so from one thing to another, till he got upon the subject of nutting, and the sylvan beauties of a neighbouring wood. Mary was getting on badly with her drawing, and jumped at the idea of a ramble in the wood; but Katie was obdurate, and resisted all their solicitations to move. She suggested, however, that they might go; and, as Tom declared that they should not be out of call, and would be back in half an hour at furthest, Mary consented, and they left the sketcher, and strolled together out of the fields, and into the road, and so through a gate into the wood. It was a pleasant oak wood. The wild flowers were over, but the great masses of ferns, four or five feet high, made a grand carpet round the stems of the forest monarchs, and a fitting couch for here and there one of them, which had been lately felled, and lay in fallen majesty, with bare shrouded trunk awaiting the sawyers. Further on the hazel underwood stood thickly on each side of the green rides, down which they sauntered side by side. Tom talked of the beauty of the wood in Spring-time, and the glorious succession of colouring—pale yellow and deep blue and white and purple—which

the primroses and hyacinths and starwort and fox-gloves gave, each in their turn, in the early year, and mourned over their absence. But Mary preferred Autumn, and would not agree with him. She was enthusiastic for ferns and heather. He gathered some sprigs of the latter for her, from a little sandy patch which they passed, and some more for his own button-hole; and then they engaged in the absorbing pursuit of nutting, and the talk almost ceased. He caught the higher branches, and bent them down to her, and watched her as she gathered them, and wondered at the ease and grace of all her movements, and the unconscious beauty of her attitudes. Soon she became more enterprising herself, and made little excursions into the copse, surmounting briars, and passing through tangled places like a Naiad, before he could be there to help her. And so they went on, along the rides and through the copse, forgetting Katie and time, till they were brought up by the fence on the further side of the wood. The ditch was on the outside, and on the inside a bank with a hedge on the top, full of tempting hazel bushes. She clapped her hands at the sight, and, declining his help, stepped lightly up the bank, and began gathering. He turned away for a moment, jumped up the bank himself, and followed her example.

He was standing up in the hedge, and reaching after a tempting cluster of nuts, when he heard a short sharp cry of pain behind him, which made him spring backwards, and nearly miss his footing as he came to the ground. Recovering himself, and turning round, he saw Mary lying at the foot of the bank, writhing in pain.

He was at her side in an instant, and dreadfully alarmed.

"Good heavens! what has happened?" he said.

"My ankle!" she cried; and the effort of speaking brought the sudden flush of pain to her brow.

"Oh! what can I do?"

"The boot! the boot!" she said, leaning forward to unlace it, and then

sinking back against the bank. "It is so painful. I hope I sha'n't faint."

Poor Tom could only clasp his hands as he knelt by her, and repeat: "Oh, what can I do—what can I do?"

His utter bewilderment presently roused Mary, and her natural high courage was beginning to master the pain.

"Have you a knife?"

"Yes—here," he said, pulling one out of his pocket, and opening it; "here it is."

"Please cut the lace."

Tom, with beating heart and trembling hand, cut the lace, and then looked up at her.

"Oh, be quick—cut it again; don't be afraid."

He cut it again; and, without taking hold of the foot, gently pulled out the ends of the lace.

She again leaned forward, and tried to take off the boot. But the pain was too great; and she sank back, and put her hand up to her flushed face.

"May I try?—perhaps I could do it."

"Yes, pray do. Oh, I can't bear the pain!" she added, next moment; and Tom felt ready to hang himself for having been the cause of it.

"You must cut the boot off, please."

"But perhaps I may cut you. Do you really mean it?"

"Yes, really. There, take care. How your hand shakes. You will never do for a doctor."

His hand did shake certainly. He had cut a little hole in the stocking; but, under the circumstances, we need not wonder—the situation was new and trying. Urged on by her, he cut and cut away, and, at last, off came the boot, and her beautiful little foot lay on the green turf. She was much relieved at once, but still in great pain; and now he began to recover his head.

"The ankle should be bound up; may I try?"

"Oh, yes; but what with?"

Tom dived into his shooting-coat pocket, and produced one of the large, many-coloured neck-wrappers which were fashionable at Oxford in those days.

"How lucky," he said, as he tore it

into strips. "I think this will do. Now, you'll stop me, won't you, if I hurt, or don't do it right?"

"Don't be afraid; I'm much better. Bind it tight—tighter than that."

He wound the strips as tenderly as he could round her foot and ankle, with hands all alive with nerves, and wondering more and more at her courage as she kept urging him to draw the bandage tighter yet. Then, still under her direction, he fastened and pinned down the ends; and, as he was rather neat with his fingers, from the practice of tying flies and splicing rods and bats, produced, on the whole, a creditable sort of bandage. Then he looked up at her, the perspiration standing on his forehead, as if he had been pulling a race, and said:

"Will that do? I'm afraid it's very awkward."

"Oh, no; thank you so much! But I'm so sorry you have torn your handkerchief."

Tom made no answer to this remark, except by a look. What could he say, but that he would gladly have torn his skin off for the same purpose, if it would have been of any use; but this speech did not seem quite the thing for the moment.

"But how do you feel? Is it very painful?" he asked.

"Rather. But don't look so anxious. Indeed, it is very bearable. But what are we to do now?"

He thought for a moment, and said, with something like a sigh,—

"Shall I run home, and bring the servants and a sofa, or something to carry you on?"

"No, I shouldn't like to be left here alone."

His face brightened again.

"How near is the nearest cottage?" she asked.

"There's none nearer than the one which we passed on the road—on the other side of the wood, you know."

"Then I must try to get there. You must help me up."

He sprang to his feet, and stooped over her, doubting how to begin helping her.

He had never felt so shy in his life. He held out his hands.

"I think you must put your arm round me," she said, after looking at him for a moment. Her woman's instinct was satisfied with the look. He lifted her on to her feet.

"Now, let me lean on your arm. There, I daresay I shall manage to hobble along well enough;" and she made a brave attempt to walk. But the moment the injured foot touched the ground, she stopped with a catch of her breath, and a shiver, which went through Tom like a knife; and the flush came back into her face, and she would have fallen had he not again put his arm round her waist, and held her up. "I am better again now," she said, after a second or two.

"But Mary, dear Mary, don't try to walk again, for my sake. I can't bear it."

"But what am I to do?" she said.

"I must get back somehow."

"Will you let me carry you?"

She looked in his face again, and then dropped her eyes, and hesitated.

"I wouldn't offer, dear, if there were any other way. But you mustn't walk. Indeed, you must not; you may lame yourself for life."

He spoke very quietly, with his eyes fixed on the ground, though his heart was beating so that he feared she would hear it.

"Very well," she said; "but I'm very heavy."

So he lifted her gently, and stepped off down the ride, carrying his whole world in his arms, in an indescribable flutter of joy, and triumph, and fear. He had gone some forty yards or so, when he staggered, and stopped for a moment.

"Oh, pray put me down—pray do! You'll hurt yourself. I'm too heavy."

For the credit of muscular Christianity, one must say that it was not her weight, but the tumult in his own inner man, which made her bearer totter. Nevertheless, if one is wholly unused to the exercise, the carrying a healthy young English girl weighing hard on

eight stone, is as much as most men can conveniently manage.

"I'll just put you down for a moment," he said. "Now take care of the foot;" and he stooped, and placed her tenderly against one of the oaks which bordered the ride, standing by her side without looking at her. Neither of them spoke for a minute. Then he asked, still looking away down the ride, "How is the foot?"

"Oh, pretty well," she answered, cheerfully. "Now, leave me here, and go for help. It is absurd of me to mind being left, and you mustn't carry me any more."

He turned, and their eyes met for a moment, but that was enough.

"Are you ready?" he said.

"Yes, but take care. Don't go far. Stop directly you feel tired."

Then he lifted her again, and this time carried her without faltering, till they came to a hillock covered with soft grass. Here they rested again, and so by easy stages he carried her through the wood, and out into the road, to the nearest cottage, neither of them speaking.

An old woman came to the door in answer to his kick, and went off into ejaculations of pity and wonder in the broadest Berkshire, at seeing Master Tom and his burthen. But he pushed into the house and cut her short with—

"Now, Mrs. Pike, don't talk, that's a dear good woman, but bustle about, and bring that arm-chair here, and the other low one, with a pillow on it, for the young lady's foot to rest on."

The old woman obeyed his injunctions, except as to talking; and, while she placed the chairs and shook up the pillow, descanted on the sovereign virtues of some green oil and opodeldoc, which was as good as a charm for sprains and bruises.

Mary gave him one grateful look as he lowered her tenderly and reluctantly into the chair, and then spoke cheerfully to Mrs. Pike, who was foraging in a cupboard, to find if there was any of her famous specific in the bottom of the bottle. As he stood up, and thought

what to do next, he heard the sound of distant wheels, and looking through the window saw the carriage coming homewards. It was a sorrowful sight to him.

"Now, Mrs. Pike," he said, "never mind the oil. Here's the carriage coming; just step out and stop it."

The old dame scuttled out into the road. The carriage was within one hundred yards. He leant over the rough arm-chair in which she was leaning back, looked once more into her eyes; and then, stooping forwards, kissed her lips, and the next moment was by the side of Mrs. Pike, signalling the coachman to stop.

In the bustle which followed he stood aside, and watched Mary with his heart in his mouth. She never looked at him, but there was no anger, but only a dreamy look in her sweet face, which seemed to him a thousand times more beautiful than ever before. Then, to avoid inquiries, and to realize all that had passed in the last wonderful three hours, he slipped away while they were getting her into the carriage, and wandered back into the wood, pausing at each of their halting places. At last he reached the scene of the accident, and here his cup of happiness was likely to brim over, for he found the mangled little boot and the cut lace, and securing the precious prize, hurried back home, to be in time for dinner.

Mary did not come down, but Katie, the only person of whom he dared to inquire, assured him that she was doing famously. The dinner was very embarrassing, and he had the greatest difficulty in answering the searching inquiries of his mother and Mrs. Porter, as to how, when, where, and in whose presence the accident had happened. As soon as the ladies rose, he left his father and Mr. Porter over their old port and politics, and went out in the twilight into the garden, burthened with the weight of sweet thought. He felt that he had something to do—to set himself quite right with Mary; he must speak somehow, that night, if possible, or he should not be comfortable or at peace with his conscience. There

were lights in her room. He guessed by the shadows that she was lying on a couch by the open window, round which the other ladies were flitting. Presently lights appeared in the drawing-room; and, as the shutters were being closed, he saw his mother and Mrs. Porter come in, and sit down near the fire. Listening intently, he heard Katie talking in a low voice in the room above, and saw her head against the light as she sat down close to the window, probably at the head of the couch where Mary was lying. Should he call to her? If he did how could he say what he wanted to say through her?

A happy thought struck him. He turned to the flower-beds, hunted about and gathered a bunch of heliotrope, hurried up to his room, took the sprig of heather out of his shooting coat, tied them together, caught up a reel and line from his table, and went into the room over Mary's. He threw the window open, and, leaning out, said gently, "Katie." No answer. He repeated the name louder. No answer still, and, leaning out yet further, he saw that the window had been shut. He lowered the bunch of flowers, and, swinging it backwards and forwards, made it strike the window below—once, twice; at the third stroke he heard the window open.

"Katie," he whispered again, "is that you?"

"Yes, where are you? What is this?"

"For her," he said in the same whisper. Katie untied the flowers, and he waited a few moments, and then again called her name, and she answered.

"Has she the flowers?"

"Yes, and she sends you her love, and says you are to go down to the drawing-room;" and with that the window closed, and he went down with a lightened conscience into the drawing-room, and after joining in the talk by the fire for a few minutes, took a book, and sat down at the further side of the table. Whether he ever knew what the book was may be fairly questioned, but to all

appearances he was deep in the perusal of it till the tea and Katie arrived, and the gentlemen from the dining-room. Then he tried to join in the conversation again; but, on the whole, life was a burthen to him that night till he could get fairly away to his own room, and commune with himself, gazing at the yellow harvest moon with his elbows on the window-sill.

The ankle got well very quickly, and Mary was soon going about with a gold-headed stick which had belonged to Mr. Brown's father, and a limp which Tom thought the most beautiful movement he had ever seen. But, though she was about again, by no amount of patient vigilance could he now get the chance of speaking to her alone. But he consoled himself with the thought that she must understand him; if he had spoken he couldn't have made himself clearer.

And now the Porters' visit was all but over, and Katie and her father left for Englebourne. The Porters were to follow the next day, and promised to drive round and stop at the rectory for lunch. Tom petitioned for a seat in their carriage to Englebourne. He had been devoting himself to Mrs. Porter ever since the accident, and had told her a good deal about his own early life. His account of his early friendship for Betty and her son, and the renewal of it on the day he left Barton Manor, had interested her, and she was moreover not insensible to his assiduous and respectful attentions to herself, which had of late been quite marked: she was touched too at his anxiety to hear all about her boys, and how they were going on at school. So on the whole Tom was in high favour with her, and she most graciously assented to his occupying the fourth seat in their barouche. She was not without her suspicions of the real state of the case with him; but his behaviour had been so discreet that she had no immediate fears; and, after all, if anything should come of it some years hence, her daughter might do worse. In the meantime she would see plenty

of society in London; where Mr. Porter's vocations kept him during the greater part of the year.

They reached Englebourn after a pleasant long morning's drive; and Tom stole a glance at Mary, and felt that she understood him, as he pointed out the Hawk's Lynch and the clump of Scotch firs to her mother; and told how you might see Barton from the top of it, and how he loved the place, and the old trees, and the view.

Katie was at the door ready to receive them, and carried off Mary and Mrs. Porter to her own room. Tom walked round the garden with Mr. Porter, and then sat in the drawing-room, and felt melancholy. He roused himself however when the ladies came down and luncheon was announced. Mary was full of her reminiscences of the Englebourn people, and especially of poor Mrs. Winburn and her son, in whom she had begun to take a deep interest, perhaps from overhearing some of Tom's talk to her mother. So Harry's story was canvassed again, and Katie told them how he had been turned out of his cottage, and how anxious she was as to what would come of it.

"And is he going to marry your gardener's daughter after all?" asked Mrs. Porter.

"I am afraid there is not much chance of it," said Katie; "I cannot make Martha out."

"Is she at home, Katie?" asked Mary; "I should like to see her again. I took a great fancy to her when I was here."

"Yes, she is at the lodge. We will walk there after luncheon."

So it was settled that the carriage should pick them up at the lodge; and soon after luncheon, while the horses were being put to, the whole party started for the lodge after saying good-bye to Mr. Winter, who retired to his room much fatigued by his unwonted hospitality.

Old Simon's wife answered their knock at the lodge door, and they all entered, and Mrs. Porter paid her compliments on the cleanliness of the room.

Then Mary said, "Is your daughter at home, Mrs. Gibbons?"

"Ees, miss, someweres handy," replied Mrs. Gibbons; "her hav'n't been gone out not dree minutes."

"I should like so much to say good-bye to her," said Mary. "We shall be leaving Barton soon, and I shall not see her again till next summer."

"Lor bless'ee, miss, 'tis werry good ov ee," said the old dame, very proud; "do'ee set down then while I gives her a call." And with that she hurried out of the door which led through the back kitchen into the little yard behind the lodge, and the next moment they heard her calling out—

"Patty, Patty, whar bist got to? Come in and see the gentle-folk."

The name which the old woman was calling out made Tom start.

"I thought you said her name was Martha," said Mrs. Porter.

"Patty is short for Martha in Berkshire," said Katie, laughing.

"And Patty is such a pretty name, I wonder you don't call her Patty," said Mary.

"We had a housemaid of the same name a year or two ago, and it made such a confusion—and when one once gets used to a name it is so hard to change—so she has always been called Martha."

"Well, I'm all for Patty; don't you think so?" said Mary, turning to Tom.

The sudden introduction of a name which he had such reasons for remembering, the memories and fears which it called up—above all, the bewilderment which he felt at hearing it tossed about and canvassed by Mary in his presence, as if there were nothing more in it than in any other name—confused him so that he floundered and blundered in his attempt to answer, and at last gave it up altogether. She was surprised, and looked at him inquiringly. His eyes fell before hers, and he turned away to the window, and looked at the carriage, which had just drawn up at the lodge door. He had scarcely time to think how foolish he was to be so moved, when he heard the back kitchen door open again, and the old woman and her

daughter come in. He turned round sharply, and there on the floor of the room, curtsying to the ladies, stood the ex-barmaid of the Choughs. His first impulse was to hurry away—she was looking down, and he might not be recognised; his next, to stand his ground, and take whatever might come. Mary went up to her and took her hand, saying that she could not go away without coming to see her. Patty looked up to answer, and, glancing round the room, caught sight of him.

He stepped forward, and then stopped and tried to speak, but no words would come. Patty looked at him, dropped Mary's hand, blushed up to the roots of her hair as she looked timidly round at the wondering spectators, and, putting her hands to her face, ran out of the back door again.

"Lawk a massy! what ever can ha' cum to our Patty?" said Mrs. Gibbons, following her out.

"I think we had better go," said Mr. Porter, giving his arm to his daughter, and leading her to the door. "Good bye, Katie; shall we see you again at Barton?"

"I don't know, uncle," Katie answered, following with Mrs. Porter in a state of sad bewilderment.

Tom, with his brain swimming, got out a few stammering farewell words, which Mr. and Mrs. Porter received with marked coldness as they stepped into their carriage. Mary's face was flushed and uneasy, but at her he scarcely dared to steal a look, and to her was quite unable to speak a word.

Then the carriage drove off, and he turned, and found Katie standing at his side, her eyes full of serious wonder. His fell before them.

"My dear Tom," she said, "What is all this? I thought you had never seen Martha?"

"So I thought—I didn't know—I can't talk now—I'll explain all to you—don't think very badly of me, Katie—God bless you!" with which words he strode away, while she looked after him with increasing wonder and then turned and went into the lodge.

He hastened away from the Rectory and down the village street, taking the road home mechanically, but otherwise wholly unconscious of roads and men. David, who was very anxious to speak to him about Harry, stood at his door making signs to him to stop in vain, and then gave chase, calling out after him, till he saw that all attempts to attract his notice were useless, and so ambled back to his shop-board much troubled in mind.

The first object which recalled Tom at all to himself was the little white cottage looking out of Englebourne copse towards the village, in which he had sat by poor Betty's death-bed. The garden was already getting wild and tangled, and the house seemed to be uninhabited. He stopped for a moment and looked at it with bitter searchings of heart. Here was the place where he had taken such a good turn, as he had fondly hoped—in connexion with the then inmates of which he had made the strongest good resolutions he had ever made in his life perhaps. What was the good of his trying to befriend anybody? His friendship turned to a blight; whatever he had as yet tried to do for Harry had only injured him, and now how did they stand? Could they ever be friends again after that day's discovery? To do him justice, the probable ruin of all his own prospects, the sudden coldness of Mr. and Mrs. Porter's looks, and Mary's averted face, were not the things he thought on first, and did not trouble him most. He thought of Harry, and shuddered at the wrong he had done him as he looked at his deserted home. The door opened and a figure appeared. It was Mr. Wurley's agent, the lawyer who had been employed by farmer Tester in his contest with Harry and his mates about the pound. The man of law saluted him with a smirk of scarcely concealed triumph, and then turned into the house again and shut the door, as if he did not consider further communication necessary or safe. Tom turned with a muttered imprecation on him and his master, and hurried away along the lane which led to the heath. The Hawk's

Lynch lay above him, and he climbed the side mechanically and sat himself again on the old spot.

He sat for some time looking over the landscape, graven on his mind as it was by his former visit, and bitterly, oh, how bitterly! did the remembrance of that visit; and of the exultation and triumph which then filled him, and carried him away over the heath with a shout towards his home, come back on him. He could look out from his watch-tower no longer, and lay down with his face between his hands on the turf, and groaned as he lay.

But his good angel seemed to haunt the place, and soon the cold fit began to pass away, and better and more hopeful thoughts to return. After all, what had he done since his last visit to that place to be ashamed of? Nothing. His attempts to do Harry service, unlucky as they had proved, had been honest. Had he become less worthy of the love which had first consciously mastered him there some four weeks ago? No; he felt, on the contrary, that it had already raised him, and purified him, and made a man of him. But this last discovery, how could he ever get over that? Well, after all, the facts were just the same before; only now they had come out. It was right that they should have come out; better for him and for every one that they should be known and faced. He was ready to face them, to abide any consequences that they might now bring in their train. His heart was right towards Mary, towards Patty, towards Harry—that he felt sure of. And, if so, why should he despair of either his love or his friendship coming to a bad end?

And so he sat up again, and looked

out bravely towards Barton, and began to consider what was to be done. His eyes rested on the rectory. That was the first place to begin with. He must set himself right with Katie—let her know the whole story. Through her he could reach all the rest, and do whatever must be done to clear the ground and start fresh again.

At first he thought of returning to her at once, and rose to go down to Engle-bourn. But anything like retracing his steps was utterly distasteful to him just then. Before him he saw light, dim enough as yet, but still a dawning; towards that he would press, leaving everything behind him to take care of itself. So he turned northwards, and struck across the heath at his best pace. The violent exercise almost finished his cure, and his thoughts became clearer and more hopeful as he neared home. He arrived there as the household were going to bed, and found a letter waiting for him. It was from Hardy, saying that Blake had left him, and he was now thinking of returning to Oxford, and would come for his long-talked-of visit to Berkshire, if Tom was still at home and in the mind to receive him.

Never was a letter more opportune. Here was the tried friend on whom he could rely for help and advice and sympathy—who knew all the facts too from beginning to end! His father and mother were delighted to hear that they should now see the friend of whom he had spoken so much; so he went up stairs, and wrote an answer, which set Hardy to work packing his portmanteau in the far west, and brought him speedily to the side of his friend under the lee of the Berkshire hills.

To be continued.

THE LOST EXPEDITION.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

LIFT—lift, ye mists, from off the silent coast,
Folded in endless winter's chill embraces;
Unshroud for us awhile our brave ones lost!
Let us behold their faces!

In vain—the North has hid them from our sight ;
The snow their winding sheet,—their only dirges
The groan of ice-bergs in the polar night
Racked by the savage surges.
No Funeral Torches with a smoky glare
Shone a farewell upon their shrouded faces ;—
No monumental pillar tall and fair
Towers o'er their resting-places.
But Northern Streamers flare the long night through
Over the cliffs stupendous, fraught with peril,
Of ice-bergs, tinted with a ghostly hue
Of amethyst and beryl.
No human tears upon their graves are shed—
Tears of Domestic Love, or Pity Holy ;
But snow-flakes from the gloomy sky o'head,
Down-shuddering, settle slowly.
Yet History shrines them with her mighty dead,
The hero-seamen of this isle of Britain,
And, when the brighter scroll of Heaven is read,
There will their names be written !

THE ENGLISH EVANGELICAL CLERGY.

THE Rev. Dr. Pears, a well-known clergyman of the Evangelical school, in a visitation sermon preached last June, and lately published, expresses himself as follows : "Of all misfortunes which "may happen to the Church, none surely "is more disastrous than that the clergy "should be behind their age ; that, "while the laity, led by a few eager and "active intellects, are pushing on into "new fields of inquiry, every day "widening the range of speculation, and "venturing on ground before thought "dangerous or untenable, the appointed "guides and teachers of the people "should be found toiling far in the rear, "treading the old worn path of definitions and dogmas, or aiming pointless "shafts at positions which have been "long since abandoned." Bearing this undoubted truth in view, it may be worth while to examine in an impartial spirit what the present position of the Evangelical clergy is ; how far they have developed, how far mistaken, the principles upon which the great religious movement of the end of last century was based ; what is the attitude which

they collectively assume towards the rest of the Church ; and what are the prospects of the party which is under their direction. It is in the existence of a healthy republic of intellect that much of the freedom of a nation lies ; and that it contributes to this, by appealing to the judgment of the laity, is the benefit, and the only benefit, which the polemic warfare of the clergy can bestow.

For, in regard of its original principles, those which gave it power and success, the Evangelical party seems at first sight to have outlived its work. It started with certain ideas, proposed certain springs of action, of which it would not be entirely true to say that it is not still in possession, but of which it is undeniable that it has no longer a monopoly. The impulse has spread ; the waves have widened till their centre has faded from view. If now an artificial attempt be made to retain the influence which was then so beneficial, and which, having served its legitimate use, has to some extent decayed, the attempt must fail, as will fail all other attempts

to procure or keep power on false pretences; nor will the case be better, if any new principles are set up as substitutes for the old, and props for a falling party. The principles of which the Evangelical school was at first the expositor were chiefly two: it gave prominence to the intimate individual relation of each person to the unseen world; and it insisted strongly on the distinction between membership of the visible Church and the inner and mysterious communion within and independent of it. It was with these two subjects that all sermons were then filled, all social unions coloured, all missions inspired; and it was by them that men's hearts were excited to a new and wonderful life. There were then no tests of orthodoxy, no signing of articles, no appeal to the sentence of the multitude; even on the most serious topics, as whenever a great cause is being promoted, there was not unanimity of thought. They had then no journals of sectarian warfare, no shibboleths of personal adherence; it was the spirit, and not the letter, that made alive. The memoirs of Wesley, Grimshaw, and Wilberforce are full indeed of questions of doctrine; but it was on those greater realities that all the questions hung. Venn, of Huddersfield, says, in a letter dated August 12, 1778: "But never, on any account, dispute. Debate is the work of the flesh. No one is ever found disputing 'about such external matters'" (the question was one of baptism) "till 'sorrow for sin, till love for Christ, and 'communion with Him, . . . are departed from the heart entirely, or very much enfeebled.'" Even Simeon, in 1829, writes, "I have neither taste nor talent for controversy; nor do I on 'the whole envy those by whom such 'taste and talent are possessed.'" It is important to observe this feature of the new sect, which worked its way by the innate strength of its principles, not by the force of its associations, the nobility of its chairmen of meetings, or the circulation of its Thersitean prints. There are many now who remember its later years; who could tell how in the midst

of neglect and hatred Cecil and Newton made men young again with visions of great aims and destinies, and Wilberforce spoke bravely and calmly of the strange experiences of the new life.

How has this spirit prevailed? How far has it altered? How far has it been supplanted by forms, and its motives of action petrified into prejudices? It is a sad and strange law which makes the second generation invariably seize on the accidents, instead of the substance, of the things which ennobled the first. It is true, indeed, that the one principle of individual religious life did assert itself so thoroughly that, while no party has lost it, all have gained much of its influence: beyond this, what has the present Evangelical party to show which will distinctively exhibit its character, and give it a right to perpetuate itself to the disunion of the Church? The party is remarkable at present chiefly for three things;—its social theories, its polemic organization, and its philanthropic activity. Besides this, it takes a very marked line on intellectual subjects, and pretends to a severity of conservatism on points of doctrine. In each of these topics it may be interesting to trace, where it is still traceable, the results of the original motive power, especially with regard to the attitude of the clergy, before offering a judgment on the position of the party collectively.

Perhaps that fatal law of the petrification of a principle into a canon is nowhere more evident than in the social theories of the Evangelical party. With them separation from "the world" was at first recommended, as it was to the early Christians, not as a valuable rule of life, but as almost a necessity of their being. It was not asceticism; it was not Puritanism; it was not a code of behaviour binding clergy chiefly, laity partially. Macaulay's keen remark on the objection of the Puritans to bull-baiting is well known: they objected, not because it gave pain to the bull, but because it gave pleasure to the spectator. But it was a different principle from this which animated Romaine, and Berridge, and Talbot. They had no difficulties as

to where to draw the line between carnal and lawful amusements,—between “worldly vanity” and necessary intercourse with men. They simply felt that they were a peculiar people, and their life was a sanctified one. Such a principle as this must, at the first attempt to reduce it to a code, result in utter failure. Wesley could well say, and without affectation, to his followers, “You have no more business to be gentlemen than to be dancing-masters.” Cecil writes, “It is a snare to a minister “when in company to be drawn out to “converse largely on the state of the “funds and the news of the day;” and urges that such conversation “gives a “consequence to these pursuits which “does not belong to them.” This is the very spirit of the apostles; in our own day it appears only in a setting of external ordinances, and such advice as that of Mr. Ryle,—“A minister ought “not to spend a *whole* evening in speaking merely of politics. . . . I do not “mean to say we ought to be preaching “in every room we enter; but,” &c. What now remains of that old spirit is simply a set of practical rules directed against some of the most popular amusements of the day, and enforced with an arbitrary severity of which the rest of the community is little aware. It is thought wrong, for example, for those who profess a religious life to cultivate the drama in any form, except that of reading Shakspeare; to attend horse-races—regattas are allowed—or evening parties where there is dancing, there being no objection to “at homes.” Some out of door games are lawful: clergymen, however, must not play cricket or follow game. One of Lord Palmerston’s bishops, it is stated in a weekly journal, not long ago refused to admit a candidate to orders until he gave a distinct pledge to give up shooting. In the evening, all may play chess, or minor games of chance; but the more intellectual rubber is strictly forbidden. The Rev. W. Mackenzie, in his sketch of Bickersteth’s life, expresses this curiously enough: “It could not be said “that either father or mother was a

“person of spiritual religion; indeed “the father had no scruple about a “game at cards, and the mother,” &c. All Evangelical people may drink wine; but clergymen, at all events, must not smoke. Works of fiction are to some extent countenanced, though under protest. With respect to music, opinion is not accurately formed. The oratorio is the debated ground; and a dignity of the Church was loudly attacked a few years since for having attended Exeter Hall in the evening. The chief religious organ of the party is constantly engaged in publishing the names of clergymen,—and even the families of clergymen,—who have lately been present at balls, a practice in which it is not pleasant to be obliged to confess that some leading Evangelical ministers are little behind it. “Do you find there the godly?” says one, alluding to balls; “I think not.” (Sermon on Gal. vi. 15.) Now it would clearly be of no use here to argue that to create an artificial separation between one part of the Church and the rest is a system totally opposed to the constitution of man and the idea of Christianity; that it is directly contrary to the custom of the early Church, and the precepts of the apostles; that it creates vast ill-feeling, and still vaster jealousy and censoriousness. It would be of still less use to prove that it is entirely repugnant to the principles of the Church service, and inconsistent with the very words of the Liturgy. But, in looking at the present position of the body which professes these views, it is impossible not to see that it is in this code of ordinances, more than in any other point, that they exhibit a falling off from their original moving force; that they conciliate least respect, and secure most enemies; that they do least good to others, and produce most disloyalty amongst those of their own number who obey in practice the laws against which in their hearts they rebel.

The creed of social intercourse of which we have been speaking is sustained partly by the inherent vitality which seems to attach most signally to all formal legislation when the spirit

which produced it has decayed or altered; and partly by the lay-organization of the school by which it is professed. This organization is not the less powerful from being indirect, or less operative from being in great measure unacknowledged and unaccredited. Clergymen have remarked in our hearing, "There is no such name as Evangelical" formally adopted by the party; we "are not a party, and have no party titles." We could produce evidence, if necessary, to show that the title is formally adopted by those who are recognized as leaders; and that not casually, but purposely, and as a distinctive appellation. It was to a collective body, not a mere mass of individuals, that the Earl of Shaftesbury, during the late war, addressed, as though from some Vatican, his instructions as to the side which his followers were to favour in their prayers: and it is to a united sect, and not a mass of units, that the *Record* alludes when it speaks of "Christian people." It may perhaps be worth while to examine a little more fully into the nature and extent of this organization. One of its most characteristic features is, that it includes a very large lay element. All who pay any attention to the subject are familiar with the names of numbers of laymen,—noblemen, bankers, retired officers, and others,—without whom no combined action takes place, and without whose authority no new step is considered to be satisfactorily accredited. There are many names whose duty it is to serve simply as guarantees to the provinces of the peculiar character of any movement, polemic or otherwise; and that they can serve no other object is evident from the fact that they appear so often, that the gentlemen who lend them could by no possibility attend in practice to all the interests which they profess to direct. At the head of these stands one nobleman, whose name it would be an affectation to omit. That any one man should have the directing power which Lord Shaftesbury possesses, should appoint bishops, preside at every great assembly, control personally nearly every leading man, inspire the press,

represent in Parliament the interests of the party, and that on the strength simply of a good life and great activity in philanthropic movements, without extreme personal popularity, without distinguished talent for business, without commanding eloquence, without extensive knowledge, without profoundness of thought, without much soundness of judgment,—is a fact as strange as it is unfortunate;—unfortunate because it shows the change in the party, thus crystallized no less in its *personnel* than in its principles. Of the methods, however, by which the party is controlled,—without enlarging upon the Evangelical press, the office and power of which is well known, and accurately appreciated,—the first that deserves mention is the influence of constant changes in the subject of agitation suggested. An army long engaged at any one work becomes demoralised; give variety to their labours, and discipline is at once secured. "Let them have plenty of marching," said Lamoricière of the Irish Brigade. Perhaps the time of great protests and declarations is now passed, when it was possible for any canvassing secretary to cast his eye over a printed list of his party, affirming as one man their prescribed adherence to this doctrine, or regulated abhorrence of that innovation. But whether it be a Gorham case or a Denison case, a Crystal Palace movement or a movement against Sunday bands, the cause of Indian education or the cause of a grant to Maynooth, the drill is unceasing. More than one "alliance" adopt it as their business to circulate among the clergy of their school information as to the progress of each battle, and instruction as to the petitions and funds which are to support the combatants engaged. The loyalty of each disciple is as well known by the petitions which he presents to Parliament from his parish, and the manner in which he receives the deputation from each "parent society," as the fig-tree is known by its fruit. It is this working together, this simultaneity of action, that gives its coherence to every result; that induces Mr. Ryle

to speak of the rest of the clergy of the Church of England as "our adversaries;" that enables Canon Stowell to quote the text which speaks of the heavenly wisdom as "first pure, then peaceable," with the suggestive comment, "Purity first, peace afterwards."

Perhaps, however, organization depends more on the distribution of patronage than on any other element. The Evangelical school may be fairly said to have now in their hands the appointment of all the bishops, and about half the deans. The Evangelical bishops have on the whole been more successful than might have been expected; but, if the system is continued long, an entire preponderance of men wedded to a particular system must be very dangerous. Another arrangement, which secures a large number of the most important livings to the same party is that of trusteeship. A certain number of clergymen, who succeed by co-optation, are entrusted, by legacies and subscriptions, with the power of appointing to some of the largest, though often not the most lucrative cures of the Church. One of the most important of these is that which is known as Simeon's trust: which bestows the livings of Bath, Clifton, Derby, Cheltenham, Bradford, Beverley, and many others. It need hardly be said, that all the appointments are of one character.¹

But the Evangelical "Carlton" is the Church Pastoral-aid Society. This is an association, now in the twenty-sixth year of its existence, for supplying curates and Scripture-readers to populous places. The primary object is of course purely philanthropic; and no one will for a moment deny the vast amount of aid which it renders to the working clergy. But this is not all. The society requires, whenever a grant is given, that the assistant who is appointed to the parish shall be approved by the Committee, and subject to their veto if his principles are not such as are thought deserving of aid. Now, considering that the working members of the Committee are all

of the strongest school of Evangelicals, it is not to be wondered at if the association is universally looked upon as the most active instrument of propagandism now existing. All the energies of the party are directed to its support. Three thousand clergymen give it active assistance. Its annual income, from subscriptions, exceeds 40,000*l.*; and it is a condition, expressed or implied, of every grant, that the recipient of the bounty shall undertake to urge the Society's claims on his congregation, at least on one stated occasion in the year. In some cases, leading men of the party do so on the distinct plea of its party character. Indeed, in the last report, the Committee draw particular attention to the evangelical nature of their principles, and ask their clerical friends to point it out more prominently to their flocks. They publish distinct attacks, not only on Romanism—one of their select preachers is described by his biographer as looking on popery with hatred and terror, "as if he saw the whole system steaming direct from Hell,"—but also on Puseyism. The following is a passage from one Incumbent's grateful letter, which is printed with official approbation:—

"Another case has struck me much. "A young man, highly educated and in "a responsible position, had been greatly "attracted by Puseyism. He had long "attended a Puseyite place of worship; "but, seeing a controversial lecture advertised, he determined to come and "hear it. He did so, and was so deeply "impressed, that he has never since returned to his former Church. He is "now a most valuable help to me."—(P. 38.)

The employment of lay agency, it may be mentioned, is an instrument of much power in the hands of the Evangelicals, some of whom push it to a remarkable excess. One clergyman of a manufacturing town last year himself appointed thirty lay-missionaries to hold prayer-meetings in his parish. One society, a very good and useful one, is established for the purpose of supplying these lay agents to the metropolis, and

¹ The present trustees are the Rev. Messrs. Auriol, Carus, Holland, Marsh, and Venn.

has more than a hundred in its pay. It is conducted on the same principles as the Pastoral-Aid. Indeed the arrangements of most of the religious societies is of an evangelical cast: and there are few in whose Exeter Hall meetings an attack on some other party of the Church is not received with the heartiness of cheering which only polemic zeal can raise. The Church Missionary Society, which has existed sixty years, which has revolutionized whole nations in the interest of civilisation and Christianity, whose converts are numbered by the hundred thousand, does service also as a party engine. Established in imitation of methodist and baptist associations for the same cause, and from the first under the guidance of Pratt, Thornton, Venn, and other Evangelicals of heroic mould, its committee-rooms are still head-quarters of party agency, its officers the chief promoters of the cause, and its publications contain elaborate attacks on Tractarianism.¹ "In its choice of men," says its select preacher in 1858, "the Church Missionary Society has erred rather in 'excess than in defect of holy jealousy. And thus, directly or indirectly, it has 'become a rally-point and bulwark in 'our Church. . . . Let the Church Missionary Society be cajoled or frightened, 'and many an Eli would tremble."

There is again another means of united action which has been devised of late years for the same object,—clerical meetings. It has long been customary for the clergy of many districts to meet for conversation and mutual encouragement, though the custom has been chiefly adopted by those of the Evangelical school. But within the last few years a system of monster meetings has been brought into play. There assemble, at stated periods, around some well-known chief, a large number,—sometimes two or three hundred,—of those clergymen who are known to be of sound views, with a very few favoured laymen. Addresses are delivered, sermons preached, and statements made.

¹ See, for example, the "Church Missionary Intelligencer," January, 1855.

Young clergymen make the acquaintance of the great leaders, some of whom are on such occasions never wanting: and from them they learn how war is waged, and battles won. In London, the time of the May Meetings in Exeter Hall is known as one of general rendezvous, and it is then that the inner circle of champions hold council on their policy and prospects. The large meetings are held at various places; one, the origin, we believe, of the rest, at Weston-super-Mare; one at Peterborough, one at Bristol, a large one at Islington; and others. The addresses are prepared with great care, special subjects being generally allotted beforehand to each speaker; and they show study, and, except in the case of the chief leaders, a diffident sense of the greatness of the occasion. A small book is now before us, containing the addresses delivered at one of the largest of these meetings in the year 1858. It is called "The Church," is published by Wertheim and Macintosh, and edited by the Rev. Charles Bridges. Dr. McNeile, who is of course one of the speakers, seems to have urged the importance of the meeting, composed, as he says, of the Evangelical clergy of the Church: and reminds his hearers that they are the salt of the whole mass. Canon Stowell follows him in an address of which the following passages are select examples.

"After all, what is the real tendency of 'broad church principles,' as they are called? Why the very name is sufficient to brand them; for we know that 'broad is the way,' not of truth, but of error; and that 'narrow is the way' which leadeth to life eternal"—(P. 19.)

"There is as much hostility in the carnal mind to the distinctive doctrines of the gospel now as there was then; yes, and among the clergy as among the laymen, however much it may be reserved or disguised."—(P. 22.)

"There can be (with regard to India) no longer uncertainty as to what we have to apprehend, from the way in which Lord Stanley has spoken out. I thank God for his candour, while I

"bitterly deplore his godless sentiments."—(P. 38.)

The Rev. J. C. Ryle remarks that Exeter Hall is a fifth estate of the realm. He laments that young men are not as satisfactory as could be wished, "How often, after writing to friends, and then advertising in the *Record*, Evangelical clergymen are obliged to put up with curates not established in the faith, and not up to the mark, simply because no others are to be met with." He laments that no effort is made to "put out of the Church" men who differ from him in their views of inspiration and future punishment. One more quotation we must give, and then dismiss the discourse with satisfaction:—

"It is not uncommon now to hear of High-churchmen saying to Evangelical clergymen, as was said in the time of Ezra and Nehemiah, by Sanballat and Tobiah, 'Let us build with you.' But let us not be taken in by such sophistry. Better build by ourselves, better let the work go on slowly, than allow Sanballat and Tobiah to come and build by our side. I believe that all communion of that sort, all interchange of pulpits with unsound men, is to be deprecated, as doing nothing but harm to the cause of God. I believe that by so doing we endorse the sentiments of persons who have no real love of Christ's truth. We enable the High-church party to manufacture ecclesiastical capital out of the Evangelical clergy, and to make people believe that we are all one in heart, when, in reality, we differ in first principles. From such unity and co-operation we pray to be delivered."

Such are the chief features of the organisation of a powerful and active school in the Church of England. If ever that Church is to be again the Church of the nation, if ever it is to lead a grand attack on vice, and folly, and worldliness, it cannot be by the continuance among this large portion of her clergy of the spirit which seems to animate their collective action. In estimating it, we use no unfair tests; we

appeal to no private scandal; we repeat no anecdotes; we quote the *dicta* only of the leaders of the party. Of individual intolerance we do not complain; it is a fault common to all ages and all parties. We shall not quote the *Record*; even though some of the leaders acknowledge it as their organ, by publishing their views in its columns, we shall yet not urge against their followers the rancour of which very many of them disapprove. When a minister of a central manufacturing town, who is usually courteous, and a favourable specimen of his school, says that if he knew any clergyman to hold the extreme High Church view of the doctrine of Confession he would not allow him to enter his family—"he could not trust him,"—we have no wish to charge the saying upon all those whose champion he is. But, when in every step that is taken in common by clergymen of this party, in every union for purposes of philanthropy or spiritual communion there springs up at once a polemic spirit, often bitter and always uncompromising, it is a sign that the party in which such can be the case has done its work, is shorn of half its strength for other and holier purposes, and had better die.

But the Evangelical party is redeemed by the working of its parishes. It is to its credit that it is foremost in united schemes of charity: it is to its credit, to some extent, that foreign missions have so increased and spread. But that which saves it from wreck, which atones for its arbitrary social maxims, which partly conceals its obnoxious polemic organization, is the fact that the Evangelical clergy, as a body, are indefatigable in ministerial duties, and devoted, heart and soul, to the manifold labours of Christian love. The school, the savings-bank, the refuge, all the engines of parochial usefulness, find in them, for the most part, hearty supporters and friends. There is a positive literature of parish machinery. We have now before us a small work on the subject by the minister of a large parish in the south-west of London, which gives the details of the administration of such a system. The hardest workers are not generally the

fiercest partisans; and it contains throughout not one word of religious sectarianism or hostile inuendo. Instead, there are practical suggestions and information on topics of which the following are some:—books for the sick, arrangement of pulpit, management of voice, district visitors, psalmody, almoners, Sunday and other schools, maternity fund, early communion, charity sermons, meetings, parish accounts, school books, rewards, confirmation classes, the cooking of rice, relief tickets, penny banks, soup in time of cholera, lending library, cottage lectures, open-air services, working men's seats in church, local collections, and books of memoranda. This parish, we are bound to say, is but a specimen of many; and we could quote, but that such work is not the nobler for the praise of men, similar tracts, supplying for parish circulation the annual narrative of progress in this kind of work. It is not necessary to dwell long on the subject; it is patent, and easily appreciated. But when the history of the Evangelical party is written, it will be told of them, that with narrow-mindedness and mistaken traditions, with little intellectual acquirements and ill-directed zeal against their brothers in the Church, they yet worked manfully in the pestilent and heathen by-ways of our cities, and preached the gospel to the poor.

It remains to say a few words on the intellectual attitude of the party. This is not the occasion to discuss points of doctrine, or examine questions of ecclesiastical polity. But it is impossible not to remark that the position which this body of clergymen, the appointed guides to thinking and reflecting fellow-men, have deliberately and almost unanimously adopted, is one of direct antagonism to intellectual progress and research. In this one point they have followed the tradition of the elders. Venn wrote, in 1780, "Our God never prescribes a critical study of the 'Hebrew text;' and since then it is hardly too much to say, that his followers have not led public opinion in any one point of mental advancement, or contributed one single work,—at all

events more than one,—which has been generally accepted as a signal addition to the stores of theological speculation or criticism. Their most distinguished men are not men of conspicuous learning; their most highly prized writings seem even to slight the acquirements of science and scholarship. And this is the case not only in their practice, but in their theory. The spiritual element of our nature is so highly exalted, that the intellectual is looked upon with absolute suspicion. "The cultivation of the intellectual powers," says Dr. Close (*Sermons*, 1842, p. 149), "can of itself have no tendency towards moral or spiritual good. . . . Time cannot alter the deteriorating tendency of unsustained human intellect." Of all studies discordant with the Church of England, Mr. Clayton, a well-known evangelical preacher, writes (*Sermons*, p. 239): "Young persons should especially be careful to turn away from all such dangerous speculations." Mr. Ryle, even when speaking of the duty of reading and study, which he allows to be neglected, makes the singular exception, "I do not mean that we ought to read 'things which do not throw light upon the word of God' (*Home Truths*, vol. vi.), and in his preface to a commentary on St. Luke, shows his idea of the value of accurate criticism by the remark that "the 'various readings' of the New Testament are of infinitesimally small importance." The Rev. C. Bridges (*Weston Address*, p. 46), somewhat naively confesses, "with regard to the 'snares for the intellect, if we seek to meet the great reasoner on his own ground, he is more than a match for us;' and Canon Stowell, apparently with regard to a late edition of the New Testament, laments that "at this time some of our learned and critical men do us more injury than advantage."

Now it is well known that the last few years have been years of great advance in theological knowledge. Science, ethnology, the history of language, accurate scholarship, are doing much to assist the study of the Bible, and further the progress of religious thought. It is

probable that much will be done by the pursuit of these studies to modify opinions and suggest new canons of criticism. We have no wish that it should be otherwise. Religious thought was never intended to stagnate. Novelty is not, indeed, a mark of truth; but obstructiveness in matters of theory is a certain guide to error. And, therefore, towards new phases of sacred speculation the attitude of a lover of truth will be, not antagonistic virulence, but judicial impartiality. He will not be rash to adopt the guesses of a restless ambition; but he will not shut his eyes to reasonable and probable argument. He will not deem the intellect the sovereign principle in man; but he will determine, in God's strength, to bring anything to the bar of reason. He will not read the apostolic precept as though it were "Disprove all things;" but he will no more be driven from intellectual duty by fear of consequences, than from moral. He will give all reverence to those who teach the soul: but, loyal to the ends to which man's nature points, he will render unto mind the things that are mind's. And so he will strive, without partiality or without hypocrisy, to enter the kingdom of God as a little child; and so act, if he may,

That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music.

Is it possible that Evangelical energy may ever adopt this attitude? It was the essence of Protestantism to attack prejudice: and they are the most zealous Protestants of the Church. The chief doctrine of the Reformation was the right of private judgment; and though many of the maxims of the

Reformation have been lost, this has not quite died yet. Is it yet possible that a fuller knowledge of the tendencies of the age, and some mighty resurrection from the narrowness of organised partisanship may change the current of their sympathies, and make them, even now, champions, not of change, but of inquiry, and research, and development? It cannot be, while they believe the sentiment of Dr. Close, in his Lectures on the Evidences, that Revelation was not meant to gratify a "proud investigation." Investigation of every possible subject is the bounden duty of every educated man, as far as his time and talents allow; and that investigation may well be proud which is the result of powers bestowed by the Almighty for the study of His mysteries. If they refuse to acknowledge this duty; if they cling to the crystallized system of what was once a working and living spirit, forgetting nothing, learning nothing; if they give all the energies of their collective action to attack some difference of ecclesiastical creed, and all the weight of their social influence to create artificial division in what God, by forming human society, has pronounced united; then all their labours of parish charity, and schemes of world-wide philanthropy, will hardly save them from the sentence which awaits all that is transitory, because artificial; and those who know what once the party was will see, when they look upon it now, only a fresh instance of the way in which zeal is pernicious, when its purpose is an anachronism, and good men wasted, when the mind is narrowed to tradition, and the sympathies distorted to party.

POETRY, PROSE, AND MR. PATMORE.

BY RICHARD GARNETT.

EVERY poet pleads, and every critic laments, the difficulties opposed by modern habits of thought, and the constitution of modern society, to the production of substantial works of

poetic art—such, we mean, as affect an independent concrete existence, instead of merely serving to express the feelings of the writers as individuals. If, it is said, the author resorts for his

subject to the antique or the ideal world, the degree of his success does but serve to measure the remoteness of his exile from contemporary interests and sympathies; if, on the other hand, he endeavours to reflect the life around him, he can no more escape alloying his strain with the transitory and accidental than the diver can avoid bringing up the oyster with the pearl. This is true; but it cannot be said that the unhappy divorce between the real and ideal is the especial disaster of our times. Few and brief have been the periods in human history when a vital belief in a mythology capable of supplying art with the most exalted themes has co-existed with the ability to apply it to poetic usages. The reason is evident—that such a degree of ability implies a degree of culture and intelligence in presence of which the most picturesque legends disappear like

“A withered morn,
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing
East.”

For two generations only was it possible for the Greeks to retain, along with the civilization which permitted their tragic poets to exemplify the perfection of artistic skill no less than of native power, the simple traditional belief which gave their dramas a root in the national life as well as the national sense of beauty. Dante's contemporaries readily explained the gloom of his aspect as the effect of his Stygian experiences; but the Cardinal of Este, two hundred and fifty years later, would probably have referred the Divine Comedy to the same category as the Orlando Furioso. In fact, the difficulty of accomplishing the task on which modern criticism rather vociferously insists, of finding imaginative expression for the interests, aspirations, and social peculiarities of our own age, is so far from being any special characteristic of the age in question that it would be hard to point out any writers who have more unequivocally succumbed to it than the great Italian pair of the sixteenth century,—Ariosto and Tasso.

The contemporaries of the Constable Bourbon can hardly have cared much about Orlando; and, in Tasso's day, the Holy Sepulchre, so far from being the goal of a crusade, would not even answer as a pretext for replenishing the Papal coffers. If, then, the universal witness of the human heart justified Mrs. Browning in her “Distrust” of

“The poet who discerns
No character or glory in his times,
And trundles back his soul five hundred years,
Past moat and drawbridge, into a castle court,”

the successive laureates of that lucky house of Este ought to have been poetically dead and buried long ago. The notoriety of the contrary fact suggests that the utilitarian theory of poetry may perhaps be less sound than specious. We see (and, if further example be required, Spenser, Keats, Shelley, and Schiller are at hand) that it is quite possible for genius to disdain the ground of realities and yet exist—though, it may be but as a wild, wandering beauty, a

“Strange bird of Paradise
That floats through Heaven and cannot light.”

The modern impatience of the *indirect* operation of the humanizing and harmonizing influences of art—the confusion of the poet's function with that of the philosopher, the legislator, the reformer—have only tended to make writers conceited and readers unjust.

Still, however extravagant the form in which it may sometimes find expression, the desire to see poetry brought into a more intimate relation with the practical needs of the age is in itself laudable and legitimate. In proportion to our appreciation of the elevating and refining character of its influences must be our unwillingness to contemplate these as necessarily limited in their operation to a small literary class. It cannot be said that contemporary poets have, as a body, shown any indisposition “to grapple with the questions of the time.” On the contrary, their mistake has rather consisted in the failure to discriminate between those vitally and eternally significant and the merely trans-

ient and accidental features of the age. We live in times exceedingly favourable to the development of the speculative faculty—a period in which it is hardly possible to reflect seriously on any important topic without encountering some problem in urgent need of solution. The answers which for so many centuries have more or less contented the inquiring mind of man are now found to have been merely provisional; and, while old questions are being reopened on all sides, the gigantic development of physical and political science has suggested an infinity of new ones. By virtue of its peculiar sensitiveness, the poetic is even more likely than the ordinary mind to conceive an intense interest in some of these problems; and it is the very law of its being to reproduce its impressions in its creations. Unfortunately, nothing but an instinctive sense of artistic fitness will enable it to distinguish the permanent from the accidental features of its fascinating environment. We might mention two contemporary poets who possess this delicate tact, but doubt if the list could be extended.

Some writers not merely by preference adopt a metrical form as the vehicle of thought, but are before all things *poets*. Their conception of a poet is not that of one writing to instruct, to refine, to expound a plan of life, to accomplish any end whatever capable of being expressed with logical precision in words; but whose aim, or rather call it instinct, is simply to compose poetry. If you ask what this poetry is, they cannot tell you; they are only sure that it is an actual entity, as real an existence as painting or music. As painting, they would say, is not outline and colour, so neither is poet's language and rhythm; these are simply the vesture of the spirit else invisible. As music is not an ingenious way of moving the passions, but a something which possesses this among other properties, so the power of poetry to exalt or admonish is indeed an inherent quality, but not the essence of poetry itself. A writer who has risen to this conception of his art will neither make perfection of form

nor practical utility his main object, for his instinct assures him that the soul of poetry lies elsewhere. As the painter does not conceive the universe to be all colour, as the musician has eyes as well as ears, so he himself does not regard poetry as sunlight, steeping the universe in a flood of monotonous radiance, but as the intense electric beam, whose splendid concentration on some objects only serves to isolate them from the surrounding darkness. Consequently, he will be an eclectic, content with selecting from the mass of contemporary interests those themes alone which appear to him susceptible of poetic treatment; like a bee, he alights only upon flowers. Thus, though Mr. Tennyson is one of the most thoughtful of men, familiar with every branch of ethical and abstract speculation, it is impossible to extract anything like a theory of life from his writings, simply because such a theory must necessarily take cognisance of a multitude of details which he has intuitively perceived to be unpoetical. The same might have been said even of so eminent a thinker as Goethe, had he never written in prose.

But, it may be asked, is the reader dependent on the fidelity of the writer's intuitions? Can he not determine for himself when he is or is not reading poetry? We might reply that he is himself frequently a participant in "the vision and the faculty divine," even though "the channels between thought and expression may have been obstructed." Perhaps, however, it may be possible to discover a less abrupt *Gradus ad Parnassum*. Painting, sculpture, music, are found to agree in the common aim of raising man above himself—of substituting a state of emotion for one of tranquillity. If no emotion be excited by the sight of a painting or a statue, or the hearing of a piece of music, then either the spectator or listener is naturally insensible to the influence of art, or has temporarily become so through satiety, pre-occupation, or infirmity, or else the merits of the work itself are merely of a technical character. Poetry, in the proper sense of the term,

is attended by the same effect, and may be discovered by the same criterion. The range of the poetic is indeed more extensive than that of the sister arts. Emotion may be aroused by an appeal to the affections, as in Moore's—

"I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart;
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art;"

—to the imagination, as in Shelley's description of the waning moon:—

"Like a dying lady, lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,
Out of her chamber, led by the insane
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,
The moon arose up on the murky earth,
A white and shapeless mass;"

or, finally, by the enunciation of some grand moral or philosophical truth, such as Wordsworth's—

"Sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

This latter sublime passage is to be rather apprehended intuitively than by a conscious effort of the understanding; and so in every case the appeal is addressed to feeling of some sort;¹ and, therefore, poetry, in the highest sense, cannot undertake the construction of a theory of life or the universe, on which the logical faculty alone is competent to pronounce. Yet this is the very work which each successive generation requires and attempts to accomplish. The highest kind of poetry, then, cannot fulfil the wants and wishes of contemporaries; and it even requires self-discipline and watchfulness, and an ambition of achieving practical results, to prevent its wandering off altogether into the ideal regions which are after all most congenial to its nature. Mrs. Shelley has recorded the difficulty her husband ex-

perienced in composing political songs, political zealot as he was.

The cultivation of poetry for its own sake is, however, quite exceptional, even with poets. With most, when once they have travelled beyond the simple lyrical expression of their individual emotions, the main impulse to the production of poetry has obviously been to afford the world the benefit of their opinion on subjects which appear to them of importance. Thus, if we are to accept Milton's own account of his aims, his sublimest flights of imagination are merely accessories to the practical end of "justifying the ways of God to man." It is impossible to suppose that the architect of Pandemonium took no pleasure in his work for its own sake, independent of the value he ascribed to it as a buttress of theology; but, with less imaginative writers, the artistic motive disappears in the didactic. In the "Course of Time," for example, the Calvinistic polemic is real and hearty; the imaginative form a reminiscence of Milton, as conventional as a red petticoat in a landscape. The same assertion, *mutatis mutandis*, may be made with reference to Cowper, Young, Crabbe, &c. Almost all Wordsworth's poems stand in direct and calculated relation to his theories of life and art. Even Mrs. Browning tells us that she intends "Aurora Leigh" as the exponent of her own. Now we think we may venture to assume as axioms—

1. That every system of thought is in some way the offspring of the age in which it makes its appearance. Thus Wordsworth's anti-conventionalism was at bottom merely another manifestation of the same spirit that was contemporaneously overthrowing the thrones of the continent. The Tractarian protest against the tendencies of the age was virtually as much the creature of the age as those tendencies themselves.

2. The poets who frame such systems are necessarily better exponents of the special characteristics of their times than those who restrict themselves to the essentially poetical; for this is the common property of all ages. But, the

¹ See Mr. Mill's masterly essay on Poetry and its Varieties ("Dissertations and Discussions," vol. i.).

more completely they express these characteristic features, the more certainly do they reproduce the frivolous casual aspects of the age, as well as those of serious and permanent significance. Consequently, the problem, how to adapt the eternal spirit of poetry to contemporary interests and sympathies, does not admit of a satisfactory solution. A rigid idealist, professing to go round the world without transgressing the limits of pure poetry, is like one endeavouring to empty the sea with a bucket. A mere realist, trying to accomplish the poet's task with the satirist's tools, would hew an oak with rushes, weave a cable from sand. The same strictures apply to the purely didactic poet, who is inevitably driven to adapt his instructions to the special requirements of his generation.

Mr. Patmore¹ is an admirable example of the second of the poetical classes we have endeavoured to discriminate above—of those, namely, who write poetry not for their own sake, but for that of some definite aim ever present to their minds. Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Patmore have each treated of the mission of woman; but is it possible to imagine two more dissimilar works than the "Princess" and the "Angel in the House?" Mr. Patmore describes his task as self-imposed, requiring special training, steady purpose, and prolonged effort:—

"The fairest realm in all the earth
Is counted still a heathen land;
So I, like Joshua, now go forth
To give it into Israel's hand.
I've girt myself with faith and prayer," &c.

And he does indeed go at his work with a simple manly directness that would insure him our respect, even if his genius did not, as it must, command our admiration. Mr. Tennyson, too, professes to have a moral, of which he is continually losing sight, and which cannot be deduced from the preceding narrative. "Maud" has fifty times the moral significance of "The Princess," and for this very

reason, that Mr. Tennyson has not gone out of his way in quest of anything, but, allowing free play to his artistic instincts, has evolved an ethical lesson as well. Mr. Patmore could not write with this *abandon*; he speaks by the intellect, though, it may be, often to the feelings. Fortunately these feelings, though temporarily entwined like ivy with much that is accidental and perishable, have still, like ivy, a root in the solid earth. If we wish to understand Mr. Patmore's merit in this respect, we can compare his poem with one partly conceived in a kindred spirit—Aurora Leigh. Each book is occupied with a social problem; but Mrs. Browning's is one to which the peculiar aspects of the age have imparted an adventitious importance, while Mr. Patmore's is invested with constant freshness by its vital relation to the needs of the human heart. The elements of decay in his work—its wood, hay, and stubble—appear to us to be not so much inherent in its structure as superinduced by his didactic spirit, his determination to exhaust the significance of his theme, instead of confining himself to its poetic aspects as Mr. Tennyson would have done. In a word, he seems to us to confuse the office of the poet with that of the moralist on one hand, and that of the novelist on the other.

This implies that Mr. Patmore is after all essentially a poet, and moreover that, when he temporarily ceases to be such, he does but substitute one kind of excellence for another. His ethics and his social delineations are as good in their way as the inspirations of his loftier mood—his precious metal has some alloy, but little dross. It requires, we are sensible, a much finer analysis than ours to discriminate with perfect accuracy between his poetry and his prose; and, unlike most treasure-seekers, we are in much greater danger of parting with the object of our quest than of retaining what we do not want. It is curious that this enthusiastic singer of domestic life should himself be one of the last writers with whom we can feel thoroughly at home; but assuredly the most sensi-

¹ *Faithful for Ever*. By Coventry Patmore. J. W. Parker and Son.

ble impression we have derived from every re-perusal of the "Angel in the House" has been one of astonishment at the amount of beauty which the last reading had left for us to discover. We may say of Mr. Patmore's book, as he says of his heroine, that we have found it "more to us"

"Yesterday than the day before,
And more to-day than yesterday."

Any opinion, therefore, that we may express respecting the poem under consideration must be taken as subject to revision; yet there are principles of criticism which we may venture to apply boldly. If we find, for example, any particular passage to be—leaving its metrical form out of account—exactly such as we should have expected to meet with in a novel, we can hardly consider it to be in its place where we find it; often, on the other hand, when the theme is apparently little calculated to arouse our sympathies, the poet's lyrical fervour indicates that its significance has been more truly revealed to him than to us. In the first book, more especially, the fountains of the great deep of feeling are broken up with tempest; the subsequent calm is indeed a falling-off, but we are in more danger of tedium than of shipwreck.

"Faithful for Ever" is not, as we have seen it described, an episode in "The Angel in the House;" it is rather a supplement, representing some of the aspects of the philosophy of love and marriage, excluded by the plan of the former work. In "The Angel in the House," the course of true love runs exceedingly smooth. Intended as introductory to a comprehensive treatment of the whole theory of married life, it necessarily excluded the idea of any but a fortunate catastrophe. To have conducted Vaughan's suit to an unprosperous termination would have been to have shut the door in the poet's own face; the "betrothal" was the necessary condition of the "espousals." It would, of course, have been possible to have subjected the hero to violent alternations of hope and fear, joy and bitterness, as

painters of the final triumph of the righteous make over half their canvas to the demons. But Mr. Patmore appears to have felt, with the delicate tact we so often admire in him, that pathos misses its effect when joy is a foregone conclusion, and that it would be better to reserve it as the leading motive of a new work. In the present poem, accordingly, we are presented with a new protagonist in the person of Frederick Graham, Vaughan's moral and spiritual fac-simile, and whose preferences and antipathies necessarily correspond to those of his counterpart. It follows that both are attracted by Honoria Churchill, and it falls to the rejected Graham to teach what the fortunate Vaughan could not know. The task which Mr. Patmore has thus prescribed to himself, of representing the demeanour of a mind of unusual nobility under a trial of which even his eloquence cannot exaggerate the bitterness, is one already attempted by Mr. Tennyson in *Love and Duty*. The laureate, however, only gives us the result; Mr. Patmore, a master of analysis rather than of generalisation, is more particularly occupied with the process. Every phase of feeling through which the lover has to struggle is seized at the culminating point, and reproduced with a pathos which nothing can exceed, because nothing can surpass its fidelity. It would be great injustice to Mr. Patmore not to allow him to speak here for himself. Laying a good foundation, Frederick thus describes the lady of his heart in the first canto:—

"The noble girl! With whom she talks
She knights first with her smile: she walks,
Stands, dances, to such sweet effect
Alone she seems to go erect.
The brightest and the chastest brow
Rules o'er a cheek which seems to show
That love, as a mere vague suspense
Of apprehensive innocence,
Perturbs her heart: love without aim
Or object, like the holy flame
That in the Vestals' temple glowed
Without the image of a god."

The gradual ascent of admiration into passion is portrayed with the most delicate accuracy. The transient and contradictory emotions of the lover's

mood are arrested and recorded in the very act of passing into their opposites; the contending billows of his breast are shown by sudden flashes, as he himself picturesquely says of the waves of an actual storm—

"Standing about in stony heaps."

At one moment he exclaims—

"Blest is her place! blissful is she!
And I, departing, seem to be
Like the strange waif that comes to run
A few days flaming near the sun,
And carries back through boundless night
Its lessening memory of light."

But the next—

"What! and, when some short months are o'er,
Be not much other than before?
Decline the high harmonious sphere
In which I'm held but while she's dear?
In unrespective peace forget
Those eyes for which mine own are wet
With that delicious fruitful dew
Which, check'd, will never flow anew?
For daily life's dull senseless mood
Slay the sharp nerves of gratitude
And sweet allegiance, which I owe
Whether she cares for me or no?
Nay, mother, I, forewarned, prefer
To want for all in wanting her.
For all! Love's best is not bereft
Ever from him to whom is left
The trust that God will not deceive
His creature, fashion'd to believe
The prophecies of pure desire.
Not loss, nor death, my love shall tire.
A mystery does my heart foretell;
Nor do I press the oracle
For explanations. Leave me alone,
And let in me love's will be done."

What that will was is known to all readers of the "Angel in the House." The final overthrow of such hope as Graham had ventured to entertain, is expressed in perhaps the finest simile Mr. Patmore has yet made. His rival Vaughan enters while he is sitting with Honoria:—

"And, as the image of the moon
Breaks up within some still lagoon
That feels the soft wind suddenly,
Or tide fresh flowing from the sea,
And turns to giddy flames that go
Over the water to and fro,
Thus, when he took her hand to-night,
Her lovely gravity of light
Was scattered into many smiles
And flattering weakness. Hope beguiles
No more my heart, dear mother; He
By jealous looks, o'erhonoured me!"

We know not whether Mr. Patmore, who has finely said in "The Angel in the House" that

"Love in tears too noble is
For pity, save of Love in smiles,"

has since so far modified his opinions as to intentionally represent an unfortunate as the legitimate object of envy instead of compassion to a successful lover. We remember, indeed, Vaughan in one place expressing himself as if his being less "hapless" necessarily implied that he was less "great" than his rival; and assuredly the enthusiasm of possession falls short of the fervour with which Graham,

"Nursing the image of unfelt caresses
Till dim imagination just possesses
The half-created shadow,"

celebrates the object of his affection and despair. He dreams that—

"Lo!
As moisture sweet my seeing blurs
To hear my name so linked with hers,
A mirror joins, by guilty chance,
Either's averted, watchful glance!
Or with me in the ball-room's blaze
Her brilliant mildness thrills the maze;
Our thoughts are lovely, and each word
Is music in the music heard,
And all things seem but parts to be
In one persistent harmony,
By which I'm made divinely bold;
The secret, which she knows, is told;
And, laughing with a lofty bliss
Of innocent accord, we kiss;
About her neck my pleasure weeps;
Against my lip the silk vein leaps."

Or else some wasteful malady
Devours her shape and dims her eye;
No charms are left, where all were rife,
Except her voice, which is her life,
Wherewith she, in her foolish fear,
Says trembling, 'Do you love me, dear?'
And I reply, 'Ah, sweet, I vow
I never loved but half till now.'
She turns her face to the wall at this,
And says, 'Go, love, 'tis too much bliss.'
And then a sudden pulse is sent
About the sounding firmament
In smittings as of silver bars;
The bright disorder of the stars
Is solved by music, far and near,
Through infinite distinctions clear
Their two-fold voice's deeper tone
Thunders the Name which all things own,
And each ecstatic treble dwells
On that whereof none other tells;

And we, sublimed to song and fire,
Take order in the wheeling quire,
Till from the throbbing sphere I start,
Waked by the beating of my heart."

All his visions, however, are far from resembling this :—

"When I lay me down at even
'Tis Hades lit with neighbouring Heaven.
There comes a smile acutely sweet
Out of the picturing dark ; I meet
The ancient frankness of her gaze,
That simple, bold, and living blaze
Of great goodwill and innocence
And perfect joy proceeding thence,
Ah ! made for Earth's delight, yet such
The mid-sea air's too gross to touch.
At thought of which, the soul in me
Is as the bird that bites a bee,
And darts abroad on frantic wing
Tasting the honey and the sting ;
And, moaning where all round me sleep
Amidst the moaning of the deep,
I start at midnight from my bed,
And have no right to strike him dead."

Nor any wish, before long. Vaughan and his bride visit Graham's ship, and the effect of his observation is to compel the latter to resign "the ultimate hope I rested on :"—

"The hope that in the heavens high
At last it should appear that I
Loved most, and so, by claim divine,
Should have her, in the heavens, for mine,
According to such nuptial sort
As may subsist in the holy court,
Where, if there are all kinds of joys
To exhaust the multitude of choice
In many mansions, then there are
Loves personal and particular,
Conspicuous in the glorious sky
Of universal charity
As Hesper in the sunrise."

Whence,

"Standing beneath the sky's pure cope
Unburdened even by a hope,"

he is able to feel—

"That I have known her, that she moves
Somewhere all-graceful ; that she loves,
And is beloved, and that she's so
Most happy ; and to heaven will go,
Where I may meet with her (yet this
I count but adventitious bias),
And that the full, celestial weal
Of all shall sensitively feel
The partnership and work of each,
And thus my love and labour reach
Her region, there the more to bless
Her last, consummate happiness,

Is guerdon up to the degree
Of that alone true loyalty
Which, sacrificing, is not nice
About the terms of sacrifice,
But offers all, with smiles that say,
'Twere nothing if 'twere not for aye !"

O si sic omnia! In that case, indeed, "Faithful for Ever" would be no illustration of our doctrine that poetry parts with its essential characteristics in proportion as it undertakes to teach otherwise than indirectly, or concerns itself with the mutable superficialities of contemporary life. So far, however, though Frederick Graham is a very substantial personality—a thoroughly imaginable man—his expressions of feeling have been as purely lyrical and subjective as the lamentations of Clymene or Enone. He has, as before remarked, had to learn the same lesson of self-renunciation as the anonymous hero of "Love and Duty," with this very important difference, that the latter has but succumbed to external circumstances as independent of the will of his beloved as of his own ; he has yielded nothing to any rival ; what he has acquired is after all more precious than what he has been compelled to forgo. Mr. Tennyson, therefore, is not asking too much when he would have us contemplate the "streaming eye" as finally dried, the "broken heart" as eventually bound up ; we not merely acquiesce in the propriety, but have faith in the permanence, of the conclusion at which his hero arrives. The infinitely greater severity of Graham's trial perhaps justifies Mr. Patmore in considering that, had the mood of our last extract been represented as permanent, had the curtain fallen then and there upon his hero's folded arms of humility and upward gaze of ineffable aspiration, our torpid imaginations would have seen nothing but a stage-effect, and expected, could we pierce behind the scenes, to find Graham rather prostrate beneath, than

"Growing, like Atlas, stronger from his load."

At all events, he has not chosen to task our faith so heavily. In the second section of the next canto we find Honoria's lover—married ! Yes, and to a

very unattractive personage. Of course, he has a thousand good reasons for maintaining that he has committed no treason against love; that his bride is at worst but as one of Voltaire's *vignons*, *qui n'étaient pas des dieux tout-à-fait, mais qui leur ressembaient beaucoup*:—

"As to the ether is the air
Is her good to Honoria's fair;
One place is full of both, yet each
Lies quite beyond the other's reach
And recognition. Star and star,
Rays crossing, closer rivals are."

Mr. Patmore is now fully in his element, with a triple moral problem before him. He has to make his hero's paradox good, to show the effect on Jane (the unattractive wife) of being thus caught up into a sphere so much above her, and to determine the proper relation of Honoria to her married lover. This involves the necessity of a copious and minute delineation of manners and customs, since (to name but one aspect of the problem) it is impossible to depict Frederick and Jane's mutual relation and interaction without entering fully into the details of their domestic life. Behold us, then, alike from the didactic and the descriptive point of view, fairly committed to a course of what, *we* say, is substantially prose; not that the writing is not, for the most part, very clever, but this is not the question; not that we are not continually encountering passages of the most exquisite poetry, but these are not the rule. We are content to stake the whole theory of this paper on a single issue,—“Is or is not the first book of ‘Faithful for Ever’ incomparably the best of the three?” It would be a cheap triumph to produce some of the passages (excellent as these are in their way) in which Mr. Patmore furls the poet's wing on the essayist's perch; but these separate bricks could at best bear witness to the material, not to the style of the building.

In conclusion, it will be but just to produce the results at which Mr. Patmore appears to have arrived, embodied in two of the most charming passages of his poem. As regards the relation which Honoria ultimately assumes to

Graham, contemplated from *her* point of view, we learn nothing; and, indeed, the problem suggests questions of such infinite delicacy that we cannot wonder at Mr. Patmore's reticence. As we are only concerned with her here in so far as she concerns Frederick, we could well have dispensed with numerous trivial details relative to her husband and children, which vexatiously conflict with the unity of impression already disturbed by the change of *venue* in Book II. In fact, the way in which she is trotted out for the admiration of one personage after another is almost comical. That Frederick himself should never tire of praising her is as natural as that we should never tire of listening to passages like this:—

"I kiss'd the kind, warm neck that slept,
And from her side, this morning, stepp'd
To bathe my brain from drowsy night
In the sharp air and golden light.
The dew, like frost, was on the pane.
The year begins, though fair, to wane.
There is a fragrance in its breath
Which is not of the flowers, but death,
And green above the ground appear
The lilies of another year.
I wandered forth, and took my path
Among the bloomless aftermath;
And heard the steadfast robin sing.
As if his own warm heart were spring,
And watch'd him feed where, on the yew,
Hung sugar'd drops of crimson dew;
And then return'd by walls of peach
And pear-trees bending to my reach,
And rose-beds with the roses gone,
To bright-laid breakfast. *Mrs. Vaughan*
Was there, none with her. I confess
I love her rather more than less!
But she alone was loved of old;
Now love is twain, nay, manifold;
For, somehow, he whose daily life
Adjusts itself to one true wife
Grows to a nuptial, near degree
With all that's fair and womanly.
Therefore, as more than friends, we meet
Without constraint, without regret;
The wedded yoke that each had donn'd
Seeming a sanction, not a bond."

We have undertaken to question the propriety of Mr. Patmore's attempting the solution of moral problems in verse at all, not the logic of the solution itself. Yet we cannot refrain from remarking, that the conclusion expressed in the above most exquisite passage appears to us an unfair deduction from the pre-

mises. On the other hand, the picture of Jane's development from original immaturity, rather than absolute defect, to perfect sweetness and ripeness of character, is as natural as it is captivating. We are indeed reminded at every stroke how much better it would have become the pages of a work like "The Mill on the Floss," where copiousness and minute precision of detail are rather to be cultivated than avoided. Had the writer attempted to rival Miss Evans's exactness, he might have filled two volumes with this single theme; as it is, he is at once too particular for poetry and too superficial for fiction. Yet, as the stalk is forgotten in the flower, we acknowledge a justification of much prose in the lovely poetry that comes to crown it at last.

"Too soon, too soon, comes death to show
We love more deeply than we know!
The rain, that fell upon the height
Too gently to be called delight,
Within the dark vale reappears
As a wild cataract of tears;
And love in life should strive to see
Sometimes what love in death would be.
She's cold. Put to the coffin-lid.
What distance for another did,
That death has done for her!"

How great her smallest virtue seems,
How small her greatest fault! Ill dreams

Were those that foil'd with loftier grace
The homely kindness of her face.
'Twas here she sat and work'd, and there
She comb'd and kiss'd the children's hair;
Or, with one baby at her breast,
Another taught, or hush'd to rest.
Praise does the heart no more refuse
To the divinity of use.
Her humblest good is hence most high
In the heavens of fond memory;
And love says Amen to the word,
A prudent wife is from the Lord.
Her worst gown's kept ('tis now the best,
As that in which she oftener dress'd),
For memory's sake more precious grown
Than she herself was for her own.
Poor wife! foolish it seemed to fly
To sobs instead of dignity,
When she was hurt. Now, more than all,
Heart-rending and angelical
That ignorance of what to do,
Bewilder'd still by wrong from you.
(For what man ever yet had grace
Not to abuse his power and place?)
No magic of her voice or smile
Rais'd in a trice a fairy ale;
But fondness for her underwent
An unregarded increment,
Like that which lifts through centuries
The coral reef within the seas,
Till lo! the land where was the wave.
Alas! 'tis everywhere her grave."

To deny the character of poetry to tenderness and truth like this, would be to rob the Muses of their fairest province—to treat Parnassus as Catherine and her confederates treated Poland.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS.

BY SIR F. H. DOYLE.

"Some Seiks, and a private of the Buffs, having remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next morning, they were brought before the authorities, and commanded to perform the *kotou*. The Seiks obeyed; but Moyse, the English soldier, declaring that he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, was immediately knocked upon the head, and his body thrown on a dung-hill."—See *China Correspondent of the "Times."*

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.

To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame:
He only knows, that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish¹ hop-fields round him seem'd,
 Like dreams, to come and go ;
 Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd,
 One sheet of living snow ;
 The smoke, above his father's door,
 In grey soft eddyings hung :
 Must he then watch it rise no more,
 Doom'd by himself, so young ?

Yes, honour calls !—with strength like steel

He put the vision by.
 Let dusky Indians whine and kneel ;
 An English lad must die.

¹ The Buffs, or West Kent Regiment.

And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
 With knee to man unbent,
 Unflinching on its dreadful brink,
 To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets, of iron framed ;
 Vain, those all-shattering guns ;
 Unless proud England keep, untamed,
 The strong heart of her sons.
 So, let his name through Europe ring—

A man of mean estate,
 Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
 Because his soul was great.

HORSE-BREAKING IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

SINCE the day when to man was given dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, there is no record of any new attempts on his part to turn his sovereignty to use. Immemorably our beasts of burden have been of the same races as they are now, and equally unchanged have been our methods of subduing them to our service. In these last days comes to us, from the farthest prairies of the Western world, one who tells us that the error of our methods is the cause of the narrowness of our reign. He shows us that strength must always yield to skill, and that ferocity will always disappear before gentleness. He shows us that violence is but feebleness, and that kindness alone is irresistible. He shows us that intellect can create intelligence ; and that animals willingly learn of man whatever man rightly addresses to their understanding. To all this we have listened with no deaf ears. Never has discoverer met with more rapid recognition than this unknown American farmer. His first exhibitions were witnessed and applauded by royalty ; the highest in the land eagerly bought, as an expensive secret, the knowledge of his process ; when by accident its principles became published, scarce a murmur was heard that more had been given

than the exploded secret was worth. Now, amongst all classes, it is expounded with still unabated interest ; the competitors whom success called up have dropped out of sight ; Government has adopted the system for the Army ; and the Humane Society has rewarded its discoverer with a medal. There must be something remarkable in the man that wins such a success ; but there must be also something remarkable in the nation that grants it, and perhaps still more in the times that permit it.

In no land but ours, indeed, could such a result have followed. Elsewhere Mr. Rarey has amused, and been rewarded by praises, but here alone has he drawn the popular sympathy. We are, in truth, above all nations, a horse-loving nation. To us, riding seems nature ; with us, men, women, and children are alike infected with the passion. Those who cannot ride delight to watch those who do ride ; our chief national amusements are connected with the use of horses ; and the most dignified of our Houses of Parliament thinks a discussion of the weights that race-horses should carry no waste of its time. Nor let us in our gravity deem this turn of the national taste a thing wholly insignificant and immaterial. In the world's history it has happened too often to be wholly an accidental coincidence,

that national supremacy has fallen to the nation which was distinguished by pre-eminence on horseback. Were those old fables of Centaurs and Amazons not based on a dim perception of this truth, when they taught that the first horsemen were half divine, and the first horsewomen more than a match for men? Shall we recall the first great monarchy of the old world, established and maintained by the innumerable Persian cavalry, till it was broken up by a greater horseman than they, the invincible tamer of Bucephalus? Shall we tell how in the most palmy state of Rome the title "horseman" was one of high honour and esteem, alike in peace and war, and how the uninterrupted spread of Roman power was stemmed at one point only, where it encountered the never-conquered Parthians,—those fatal horsemen, fiery in advance, deadly in flight? Shall we recount the prowess of Arabs and Moors, by whose cavalry alone a new religion was carried to the ends of the earth, till the flower of mounted Christendom at Tours met and broke the overwhelming torrent? Need we speak of the days of chivalry, (the very name expressive of the glories of horsemanship,) when mastery lay ever with him who could bring into the field the greatest number of heavy-armed knights, before whose tremendous onset pikemen and archers went down as grass before the mower? Or passing by all other instances, need we now to be reminded that when, first since the time of Charlemagne, Europe fell under the yoke of a conqueror, it was before a nation of horsemen in the Cossack steppes, and a nation of horsemen in the plains of Spain, that his star first paled? And, when at length Cossack and English themselves met in combat, with whom did the final victory rest but with those whose heavy cavalry at Balaklava rode through the opposing squadrons as if they had been a line of paper, and whose light brigade, on that same day, dashed over the Russian batteries with a sweep as resistless as the surge of the tide-race over an outlying reef?

Shall it be objected that all this is of

the past; that now we are a nation of riflemen, not of horsemen; that victory will rest for the future with the surest aim, and that long range and accurate sighting have made cavalry henceforth useless in the field? With all deference to ardent volunteers—with, if possible, even more deference to certain military authorities who have announced that opinion—it may be suggested that, as the introduction of gunpowder did not abolish cavalry, although it converted mailed knights into light armed hussars, it is possible that the improvement of the art of gunnery may only further modify, without destroying, the special use and purposes of mounted troops. That we shall not again have cavalry charging infantry from long distances, that we shall never again see cavalry walking about among the squares, seeking leisurely for an opening, as we saw them at Waterloo, may be very true, for the simple reason that with riflemen before them they would not live to reach the squares. But, on the other hand, neither shall we ever again see squares in such a situation, for the simple reason that, at three miles distance, a rifled and breech-loading thirty-two-pounder would mow lanes in them with its shot, and shatter them with its shell at the rate of half a dozen discharges per minute. For all this, we cannot do away with infantry, and just as little shall we be able to do without cavalry. Only the tactics of both must be altered to meet the new circumstances in which they will have to act. Our infantry must be kept more in shelter, and, when shelter is abandoned, it must advance in looser formation than hitherto. There may be moments when the men must be collected for a final charge, but the charge in line will often be superseded by the rapid dash of swarming skirmishers. So must it be with cavalry too. As of old, the charge will often decide the conflict; but, till the moment comes when cavalry can charge in a body, they must manœuvre more under cover, and in smaller and more open bodies than hitherto. But, if this is the case,

why should we not go further? Why should we not have cavalry acting as skirmishers, in exactly the same way and in exactly the same circumstances as we employ infantry skirmishers!—only with this distinction, that they would trust to the speed of their horses' legs instead of their own.

The distinction is invaluable. The distance to which skirmishers can advance from the main body—that is, the distance at which an army can assume the offensive, or keep its antagonists at bay; the distance, too, at which it can acquire information of an enemy's force and movements—has for its limit the distance from which its skirmishers can safely run in, if attacked by an overwhelming force. Mount your skirmishers, and you at once more than double the precious limit. A position in advance can be felt and secured; a position in retreat can be held, at twice the distance from the main body, if your skirmishers are on horseback. To counterbalance this advantage, there are, however, disadvantages. A horse and man are much easier hit in open ground than a man only; and yet this, perhaps, would not in practice be found material, for the greater speed of a horse over open ground would restore equality in their chances. But then it is said that a horse cannot be concealed by the cover that will shelter a man, and that a mounted rifleman cannot get across an inclosed country as a rifleman on foot can. These are the two grand obstacles that deprive us of the benefit of mounted skirmishers. Now these two obstacles are capable of being removed by a judicious application of the instructions which for two years Mr. Rarey has been giving us.

For Mr. Rarey has not merely shown how vicious horses may be subdued, or unbroken horses made fit for work; he has shown how, very easily, very gently, and very completely, ordinary horses may be taught a great deal more than has commonly been taught them. He has shown how the feats which strike us as wonderful when seen in the circus, the acquisition of which accomplish-

ments is the result of months of labour, and in some cases of a good deal of bad usage, may be taught the horse in a few minutes, hours, or days. In a few minutes Mr. Rarey will teach a horse to follow him, to turn, to stop, to go on with him as closely as if he had been led, although all the time the horse's head is, and he knows it, loose. In an hour or two Mr. Rarey will teach the horse to stand immovably still, although his master leaves him, and to gallop up at his master's call. In a few lessons he will teach the horse to lie down at a given signal, say a tap on his fore-leg, and to remain lying till the signal is given to rise. All these things are no speculations; still less are they vain boastings. Any one who has been at Mr. Rarey's exhibitions has seen them accomplished; and those who have been often there have seen them done, or begun, with evident assurance of the same result, every time they have been present. We shall have occasion afterwards to discuss the nature of the means used; meanwhile, accepting the facts, let us consider their bearing on the subject of which we have been speaking.

And first, as to cover. The difference here between a mounted rifleman and a foot rifleman lies in the greater height and bulk of the horse. But make the horse lie down, and very little difference remains. What will shelter a man will in almost every case equally well shelter a horse lying on the ground. Moreover, if in any particular situation there is not cover for a horse, even when lying down, it is pretty certain that at a very short distance sufficient cover can be had. There will be found a rising ground, a clump of trees, a hedge, a bank, or a dry ditch, any of which will quite serve the purpose. Here let the riflemen dismount, catch their horses to lie down, and leave them, perhaps, in charge of one of their number. While the skirmishers steal on from point to point the horses remain close at hand, yet in safety. Suppose that the skirmishers drive the enemy back, and wish to make a further advance; or, suppose they are themselves threatened, and wish to retire with all

possible speed—in either case a call brings each horse to his rider's side. What immensely rapid advances could thus be made; how closely might the light troops hang on an enemy's flanks; how daringly might they cover a retreat, when every distance of any length could be traversed at a gallop, and the means of rapid flight in case of surprise was thus ever within call! Suppose, now, that the country is enclosed, as this England of ours for the most part is, does that form any reason against its being traversed by light horsemen, or heavy horsemen either, if horse and man are English? Let hunting men answer that. Assuredly an enclosed country, impervious as a fortification to the cavalry of every other nation, would be no defence against the attack of English horse, were it not that the rifle, or the pistol, or the sword, would be rather awkward accoutrements in charging a bull-fence, and might chance to hurt the wearer more than the foe if the horse's knees just touched the top rail of timber. But here also Mr. Rarey can help us. Horses taught, as he shows us how to teach them, will follow their masters over a fence as handily as a dog. Coming up, then, to a rasper, our armed hunting man must for the moment forget that craning is an unknown word in his vocabulary. He must have the goodness to dismount, to push his way through the hedge, or to climb over the gate, (supposing he cannot unlock it, which I trust he would always have the sense first to try,) just as he would have to do were he a skirmisher on foot. When over, he calls his horse to him. Over, lightly as a bird, skims the horse. Up jumps our skirmisher, and in a moment is at the next fence, to pour his fire into the secure camp beyond, or the slow winding column in the hollow road below. Till, surprised and confused, the enemy discover the source of their danger, and throw out skirmishers on their part, in force sufficient to carry the hedges, or till they have time to bring up artillery, the game is in our hands. So soon as the tide seems likely to turn, our light cavalry are off. By the time their pro-

tecting hedge is passed by the enemy they are through the next hedge, and half-a-dozen more are placed between them and pursuit ere this one is reached by the pursuers. Will any one say that men and horses trained thus, and used thus, might not half bait their foe to death ere the foe could reach an open battle-field? And when that is reached, would the thundering charge of the cavalry be less resistless because they had already seen the flash and smelt the smoke of distant battle, and man and horse had learned to rely on their individual skill, and to have confidence in their mutual prowess? Whoso says that, must say that the charge of bayonets will not be what it was, since a rifle sighted to 900 yards has been substituted for brown Bess without any sight at all.

I do verily believe that in all this a development of the science of war is opening to us such as the world has never yet seen; and such as will make that nation which first sees it mistress of the world, whether she cares to assert her sovereignty or not. We are getting past the age of men used as machines; we are getting into the age of machines used for men, in everything that senseless wood and iron can do as well as sensible men. So, instead of treating men as implements for discharging a certain number of balls in a given general direction, we now place in each soldier's hand a machine so accurate that one discharge from it is more than equal to a hundred from his old piece. But, in entrusting him with such a weapon, we demand from him a commensurate increase of thought in its use. Forced thus to depend on the intelligence of the men, to us, in good time, comes Mr. Rarey, to show how much we may cultivate the intelligence of the horse. He shows us that the value and use of the horse is not restricted to the purposes to which, in the days when men were machines, we put him; but that he will be of equal service and advantage now to the self-dependent and self-acting soldier. We have but to make this new system part of the regular instruction and daily drill of the troops, to see in

six months our cavalry occupy a position such as no cavalry on earth can vie with. We are not yet the first riflemen in the world; perhaps we never may be; but we are the first horsemen, and the advantage of this superiority Mr. Rarey's system preserves for us.

So much for the warlike uses of the new doctrine. But as, after all, war, much as it now fills our thoughts, is not the normal state of man, and as the horse is of even more service to us in peace than in war, it is a question of interest to what extent this development of his intelligence is likely to increase his utility for our ordinary purposes. Now here, in the matter of mere accomplishments, it may at once be granted that the practical gain will not be very great. But the great glory and pride of Mr. Rarey's system is this, that whatever be the work for which the horse may be intended, it will fit him for that work without cruelty and without the chance of making him vicious. Rightly used, it preserves in every horse the good temper and docility which are inherent in every horse; but which now, in constantly recurring cases, are, by blows and ill-usage of breakers, stablemen, and riders, exchanged for sullen stubbornness or malignant ferocity. Perhaps, indeed, it may hereafter be found to have a yet wider application. What so marvellously operates in the instance of the horse, may be found capable of reducing other animals, as yet counted untameable, to the willing servitude of man. For instance, in his own country, Mr. Rarey has driven a couple of elks in his carriage. What a pretty turn-out for a lady in the park would a four-in-hand of fallow deer make! But take a more important and more hopeful instance. In those prodigiously rich and almost boundless regions, which the travels of Anderson, Livingstone, and Burton have opened up to us in Central Africa, one of the greatest practical difficulties in the way of trade is the difficulty of finding the means of carriage for goods. The fatal fly, the tsetse, will there suffer no horse to exist. But over all these plains roam, untouched and secure from

its attacks, herds of zebras—animals in power and activity scarcely inferior to the horse. Could we but tame the zebra! Mr. Rarey resolved to try if it could not be done. He procured one, made specially savage—as you will certainly make any animal of spirit savage—by long and close confinement. So wild was it, that when first approached by Mr. Rarey it sprang at an iron bar overhead, and held on with its teeth, while the whole weight of its body hung suspended in the air. Its strength and agility were immense, and every weapon of offence with which nature had endowed it was turned against its instructor. With mouth, and fore-feet, and heels it fought; and yet in three lessons it was led round the ring with a rider on its back; and there was evident truth in Mr. Rarey's assertion that, if he had time, he could in a month ride or drive it anywhere. Why not? Horses have fought as furiously, yet yielded as completely. And, if Mr. Rarey can subdue a vicious zebra as completely as a vicious horse, may we not hope that ordinary men may yet be able to subdue and render useful ordinary zebras?

Such are some of the practical results which, in a practical age and to a practical race, it is needful to indicate in order to win a respectful consideration for any novel system. Yet perhaps we may find that the indirect and the moral influences of the new system are, after all, the most important. Unquestionably they are suggestive of some new ideas on the subject of the relations between man and animals, and of man's responsibility in the exercise of his dominion over them.

For the essence of Mr. Rarey's system is not merely manipulative dexterity; nor is there in the mere outward acts anything of absolute novelty. To hobble a horse so as to prevent his running away, to cast him on the ground by tying his feet together, so as to secure him while an operation is performed, are familiar processes. Nay, the very method of throwing a horse which Mr. Rarey employs, has been employed by many persons before him. Neither, I

rejoice to think, is there anything new in the theory that gentleness is the best teacher, and kindness the sharpest spur. This part of Mr. Rarey's system is every day practised by thousands of horsemen and horsewomen in our own land. But the novelty in Mr. Rarey's system is the system as a whole. It lies in his application of the theory, announced by himself from the first as truly all that he claimed of "discovery," that the right way to subdue any animal of power greater than man's is to apply man's weaker force in such a way and by such means that the animal shall be compelled to believe it to be the greater, and to accompany that exhibition of superior strength with such gentleness that the animal shall recognise that its new master is a beneficent master, and shall for the future obey him for love as much as of necessity.

Now let me—not that I can say much that is new of the process, already so often described, but because having seen it performed on scores of horses by Mr. Rarey, and in some slight way practised it myself, I can say what its general principles and effect are, without reference to the modifications induced by the individual character of any particular animal—try to explain the method by which all this is brought about. With a wild prairie-bred colt the first point would be, of course, to catch him; and, even in this, Mr. Rarey's knowledge of horse nature finds an instructive theme. But in our country a colt is seldom unused to the approach and touch of man, and therefore we may proceed to the second stage—that in which the object is to teach him to submit to be led. The ordinary breaker does this by putting a halter on and pulling in front, while his helper uses the whip behind. The horse will fly from the unexpected pain; but wild terror slowly instructs. Mr. Rarey uses no whip, and does not commence with a halter. He cannot drag the horse forward, for the horse is stronger than he is; but, standing at the side, he can draw the head and neck gently towards him, for the muscles are weak there, and

the horse has no inclination to resist. When he has yielded the head, the horse for his own comfort makes a side step. The victory is gained. The process is repeated, and the side step comes quicker, and gradually less to the side and more to the front. At last the horse understands that when you draw his head you want his body to come with it—and as soon as he understands he acts. In a very little time he will follow you without drawing, merely because he likes your caresses. Now you may halter him when you like, only taking care first that he smells the straps and the rope, so as to assure himself that there is no harm in them, and that they are so put on as not to suggest to his mind the idea that they hurt him. A light bit will in the same way be quietly accepted next lesson.

If the horse is very gentle, he may, in a similar manner, be soon accustomed to feel your hand, your arm, the weight of your body on his back, and so be safely mounted. But there is some risk, if he is not very quiet, that during this process something may cause him to put out his strength against yours, and to make the discovery, almost fatal in a horse of spirit, that his strength is greater than yours. So, once for all, Mr. Rarey will convince him that the reverse is the fact. By gradual advances of the hand down the leg, he comes to the near fore foot, and persuades the horse to oblige him by lifting it. A soft strap forming a noose is placed round the pastern; the other end is buckled round the "arm," *i.e.* the leg above the knee. So the leg is suspended, and the horse finds himself—he does not exactly know how, but fancies it must be through some super-horse power in the creature at his side—obliged to stand on three legs. A step or two under this restraint convinces him that it is very awkward and uncomfortable, and that he would be very much obliged if his friend would break the spell. If in alarm he struggles for a moment, he quickly becomes quiet when he finds he is not hurt, only unaccountably paralyzed. Then a similar noose is placed round the pastern of

the off foreleg, and the strap is passed through a surcingle—previously buckled round the horse's body—merely as an aid to the hand in holding the strap tight in the after operations. A push against the shoulder obliges the horse to move a step. As he lifts his leg the strap is drawn up, the leg doubled under him, and he comes down gently on both knees. A moment is absorbed in astonishment at this extraordinary circumstance, and then an effort is made to remedy the accident. But it can't be remedied; often as the horse may rear up he cannot get his feet loose, and still comes down again on his knees. After five, ten, or fifteen minutes' struggle (it never exceeds, and very rarely reaches, twenty minutes), he resigns himself to circumstances, and gently lies down. Perhaps after a rest he will have one more try; but at last he is fully satisfied that man is the stronger, and that it is useless to resist. Now you may handle him all over, sit upon him, take up all his legs, and make him familiar with the weight and touch of your body. All this time you never once hurt him. His proud spirit is taught that it must humble itself, but there is no physical pain. When he finally yields you caress him. And so when he rises, after his first lesson, a wiser and a better horse, he bears you no grudge. You are a superior being, who may in an instant blast his right leg, and make him powerless as a foal; but you are good as well as powerful. He will follow you now more readily than before; and now that he is standing, he will let you sit upon him as you did when he was on the ground. A few more lessons impress his mind indelibly. Never more will he resist; experience, the only teacher of horse and man, has taught him it is vain, and in his submission he finds his true happiness. That is, if you are good to him; if you are powerful and bad, you are—a devil, and as a devil you will make devils like yourself.

But even if thus made devils, Mr. Rarey's creed is, that no horse ever passes beyond the reach of softening mercy. By exactly the same means

which have been explained in their application to young horses, Mr. Rarey has subdued and made gentle and playful the most savage brutes England could furnish. They are brought into his presence as it were handcuffed—led by a couple of grooms, one on each side, armed with bludgeons, and holding stout ropes some ten feet in length attached to the horse's head. In no other way can any ordinary mortal dare to approach these sons of Belial. Held thus captive, a yell, a scream, a lash with the hind-feet, a fierce pawing with the fore-feet at an imaginary enemy show every moment the demoniac spirit within. Mr. Rarey watches a quiet instant—with a light spring he is at the horse's shoulder, the grooms drop the long reins, and with their bludgeons vanish from the arena. Man and horse are alone to fight it out—the horse, in his furious passion, bending all his powers to beat down, trample on, mangle, kill his adversary; the man, resolute to reclaim, humanise, subdue into gentle affection the wild beast by his side. Standing close by the shoulder, he avoids the blows alike of hind and fore-feet. The right arm is over the withers, and the hand holds the off-rein, so as to draw the horse's head to that side, and prevent his reaching his antagonist with his teeth. In this position the horse can but struggle to shake his opponent off. But the hold is too secure. Round the ring goes the life and death waltz. At length the quieter moment arrives, when with his left hand Mr. Rarey slips the leather noose round the leg, drops it to its place, and draws it tight. Another dash, and at the next halt the left leg is caught up and securely buckled. Crippled now, the fury of the animal increases, but the struggles are shorter. Soon the other leg is caught up and all is safe. In ten minutes that horse must be on his side—exhausted, but unhurt—yielding only to the resistless power of the calm, inevitable being at his side. When he is quiet he is caressed. The straps are removed; and, when his powers are restored to him, he rises too awestruck

to attack again his fated subduer. A few more lessons daily, or twice a day, repeated, enforce on his memory what has been taught, and he may then be restored to society.

Such is the process in a public arena. But when he operates in private, Mr. Rarey prefers to approach the horse, or let the horse approach him, alone. Such is his confidence—and no man has a larger experience on which to base his confidence—in the native goodness of the horse, that he believes the most dangerous savage will not attack a man from whom he has received no wrong, who stands unarmed, and shows no fear or hostility. So, when he first saw Cruiser, he opened the door and stood alone before the animal—heavily muzzled, it is true, but loose and free to strike with his feet. With a scream, the horse sprang at his supposed enemy; but, seeing a stranger, motionless and unprepared for combat, he paused midway, and drew near quietly to examine the intruder. Let not Mr. Rarey's disciples, however, till they have had no less than his experience, and can work with his most wonderful nerve, temper, skill, and activity, so presume. An instant's wavering of heart, or the minutest failure in judgment, would fire the train. Yet we may remember, as confirmatory of Mr. Rarey's theory, that it is a known fact that many horses violent with men are tractable in a lady's hands; and that we have well-authenticated stories in which most savage animals have suffered infants to play among their legs, and have been seen carefully lifting each foot to avoid hurting the child.

I am anxious to press a little further the consideration that in all this process, rightly conducted,—and if not rightly conducted it will not succeed,—there is absolutely no pain inflicted. The horse's spirit is forced to yield; and, till he recognises the necessity, he struggles violently. But his struggles are so managed that they produce no physical suffering whatever. The muscles of the legs, which are restrained by the straps—those muscles by which the

horse tries to disengage and straighten his legs—are so weak, that the utmost force they can exert against the straps is insufficient to produce pain. Bandage your own ankle tightly to your thigh, and you will find that it does not hurt you, however hard you may try to get loose. So, when the second leg is taken up, and the horse brought on his knees, the position, however awkward and helpless, is not unnatural, painful, nor injurious. It is, in fact, that which the horse naturally takes for a moment every time he lies down, and it is that which the ox (not the horse, however) takes in rising up. I have seen quiet horses commence to graze when brought to this position in a pasture-field. To continue it for any length of time is of course fatiguing, and this is its advantage. A countryman, I believe, of Mr. Rarey, has ingeniously remarked that the leopard *can* change his spots, for when he is tired of one spot he can go to another. So the horse, when he is tired of the first stage towards lying down, and has satisfied his mind that he cannot at present get up, can change his position by advancing to the second stage of lying down. This is exactly what the intelligent animal does, and in so doing he finds not merely physical rest but moral happiness.

How far the conviction of human supremacy thus wrought on the horse's mind is permanent and ineffaceable, is a question which has been debated with an unnecessary degree of warmth. The fact is, that to Mr. Rarey the most vicious horses are ever after gentle; and equally gentle to all who treat them gently. But of course Nature is not changed; and the cruelty or folly that first excited resistance and then drove it to madness, will still produce again the same results. Is Mr. Rarey's system, then, imperfect, because it is not creative, but only educational? Or is the education imperfect, because with some natures its teachings may be overpowered by the sudden recoil of unprovoked suffering? I confess, in such a case, I blame neither the education nor

the nature to which it is applied; I blame only the guilty harshness, or indiscretion which tempts a hasty nature to revolt, and forbids all hope of amnesty on submission. I think I have heard too of little boys, whom a sense of unjust treatment has made dogged little rebels or violent little savages, but whose after life has shown that in them from the first had dwelt the spirit which is breathed into heroes only. Who was to blame for these wild childhood days—the child, or the child's ill-judging teachers? Perhaps they were not cruel—perhaps with another child the very same treatment would have been eminently successful. Perhaps they had only little cunning ways which a less honest child would not have noticed—perhaps they were guilty only of petty exasperations, which a duller child would not have felt. Is all this the child's fault? If, taken from such charge, and placed in just and tender hands, the fierce anger and despairing recklessness are softened into submission, is it a defect of that true education that it never can bend the spirit to bear wrong with callousness, and to see fraud with indifference? It certainly seems to me that Mr. Rarey's taming of a violent horse is as little impeachable, from the fact that bad treatment will make the horse again as violent as ever.

But all rebellions have a beginning, and all mental tendencies grow more fixed with indulgence. Mr. Rarey's teaching will have this great practical benefit, that it will cut away the occasion of many a rebellion. Few men could subdue a made savage with Mr. Rarey's dexterity—but nearly all men can, and I do hope will, come to follow his teaching in its application to spirited horses, whom an opposite course might render savage. For this never did anyone better deserve the thanks of the humane—I will add of the philanthropist. This lesson of the infinite power of kindness, taught with such new and striking illustration, will go home to thousands of hearts in which it never could else have gained recogni-

tion. As evil tendencies grow so do good. A man who is discriminatingly kind to his horse must have sympathies awakened with every living thing. It is good to be obliged even to simulate goodness. The human mind is fortunately too unelastic to avoid taking permanently something of the form which it externally puts on. Something, too, is gained on the side of goodness by simply making thoughtless men think of it.

Yet with knowledge comes, as ever, responsibility. Hitherto we have looked at the great sad problem of the sufferings of animals as if such liability were to them an inevitable condition of existence. We have laid the flattering unction to our souls that what the horse or dog might suffer at our hands was in great part a necessary concomitant of his education to our service, and certainly was less than he might have had to suffer had he been left wild. The former position is now untenable, and even the second grows uncomfortably doubtful. To animals in a state of nature disease seldom comes; when it comes it is short—often shortened by the instinct which makes the companions of a sick or wounded beast fall upon and kill it. Their main suffering, then, in the wild state, is neither more nor less than simply the final agonies of death. Their death is either placid from exhaustion, or violent, as by drowning, by the attack of carnivorous animals, or by that of their fellow-species. How much suffering is there in these modes of death? We fancy a great deal; but is it not that with ourselves "the sense of death is most in apprehension"? Of drowning we know, by the testimony of those who have recovered, that the sensation after the first momentary shock of immersion is actually one of intense pleasure. Of death by the attack of wild animals, we have a very singular testimony from the experience of Dr. Livingstone. He tells us that he was once seized by a lion, which sprang upon him, threw him down, breaking his arm, and then taking him in his mouth shook him as a terrier does a rat, or a cat a mouse. From this instant he declares that, while

fully conscious of his situation, all sense of either pain or terror left him. May we not believe that this is the effect of the methods by which wild animals extinguish life, whether in one of their own species or in one on which they prey; and that the cries and struggles no more indicate true suffering than the convulsive efforts of a drowning man indicate sensation? Assuredly such a thought is not inconsistent with our ideas of God's mercy; and, if we admit it, we clear

away some of the main difficulties which beset the question of animal suffering. But, if we thus can eliminate the suffering which arises from death, how little remains to be accounted for save that which flows, directly or indirectly, from man! And now Mr. Rarey teaches us how much of that residue we have inflicted needlessly, stifling conscience with the false pretext that God's gift to us is unavailing till, by our own cruelty, it has been adapted to our use.

B. K.

TRAVELLING IN VICTORIA.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

I HAVE not had the honour of seeing the State of New York; but I am told by those who have seen both, that its feverish energy is only surpassed in one place—Melbourne. The utter ignorance of home-dwellers about this place is extraordinary; they think it is a howling wilderness. I have seen people landing in 1857 with bowie-knives in their belts, and much astonished, instead of meeting bushrangers, at being put into a comfortably padded railway carriage, and whisked up, if it so pleased them, to a first-rate hotel. I have dined at the Wellington in Piccadilly, and I have dined at the Union in Bourke Street; and I prefer the latter. A man asked me the other day whether there were any theatres in Melbourne. I referred him to Miss Swanborough and Mr. G. V. Brooke. There is no account extant of the Melbourne of to-day; even Mr. Westgarth's admirable book is out of date. Let us have a glance at the every-day life of this *terra incognita*.

Day after day I and a friend of mine stayed in town, comforting one another with false excuses. Our business was well concluded, but still we lingered on, in spite of visions which occasionally arose before us of a face we knew, waiting for us, two hundred and fifty miles away on old Wimmera, and which face would probably exclaim with a look of

triumph when it caught sight of us, "I knew you would stop for the race!"

For, the next day, Victoria and New South Wales were to meet in deadly conflict. Veno, the long-legged chestnut from Sydney, was to run the great inter-colonial match with Alice Hawthorne, our plucky little grey. Both Houses were adjourned *nem. con.*, so that the collective legislative wisdom of the colony might have an opportunity of drinking its cobbler's, and making its bets on the grand stand; and you may depend upon it, that, when your honourables adjourn, there is something worth seeing; and that was why we stayed in town.

And so there was something worth seeing. His Excellency himself was worth all the money, with his blue coat and white waistcoat, and his brown, shrewd, handsome face. It was worth while to see our bishop and the Roman Catholic prelate bowing and koo-tooing together, and pleasanter yet to hear the Wesleyan's wife tell Father G——, the jolly Irish priest, that she and her husband had come to see the "trial of speed," and "that it was quite like a race, really," and Father G—— offering her absolution. Pleasant to look at were the crowded steamers, and the swarming heights around the course, and pleasantest of all was it to see the scarlet

jacket (New South Wales) and the dark blue jacket (Victoria) lying side by side, all through the deadly three-mile struggle, till the poor little grey was just beat at the finish, and then to see every man who had won five shillings batter a guinea hat to pieces in the exuberance of his joy.

Now the reason I mentioned this was, firstly, to make some sort of excuse to my reader for what may otherwise appear to have been inexcusable dawdling; and, secondly, because in consequence of this delay we were forced to do in two days what we should otherwise have taken four at.

Our horses were at a station not far from the great new digging of Mount Ararat, in the Portland Bay district. Mount Ararat was two hundred miles off; for the last sixty miles there was no road; and yet we coolly said to one another at breakfast-time next morning, "We shall get in to-morrow night."

I lingered over my breakfast as one lingers on the bank of the stream, on a cold day, before plunging in. I knew that in ten minutes more I should be no longer a man with a free will, but a bale of goods ticketed and numbered, temporarily the property of the Telegraph Company, tossed from boat to rail, from rail to coach, like a portmanteau, with this difference, that if a portmanteau is injured, you can make the company pay, but if a man is damaged, they consider themselves utterly irresponsible, and, in fact, the ill-used party.

We can see from our window right down the wharf; and our little steamer is getting up her steam under the tall dark warehouses. We must be off. Good bye! "Good bye," says Jack, who aint going, puffing at his last new Vienna meerschaum; "good bye, boys, and a happy journey."

So we raced along past the Great Princes bridge (copied in dimensions from the middle arch of London bridge), and the Hobson's Bay railway station, along the broad wharfs, with all the Flinder Street warehouses towering on our right, and the clear river on our left. Now we were among the shipping;

barques, schooners, and brigs of light draught which work up the river from the bay. Here comes our little steamer, the *Comet*, ready to start, with the captain on the bridge—"Only just in time. Good morning, captain. Portmanteau's aboard. All right, captain. Cut away."

Ha! A little rest after that run is rather pleasant. Let us look about us; plenty to be seen here. The river is about the size of the Thames at Oxford, but deep enough to allow ships of two hundred tons and upwards to lie along the wharfs. So here we see the coasting traders in plenty, regular Australians bred and born, in all their glory. That schooner yonder is unloading cedar from the dark jungles of the Clarence far away there in the north, while her next-door neighbour is busy disgorging nuts and apples from Launston in Van Diemen's Land (I humbly ask pardon—Tasmania); and the clipper barque, whose elegant bows tower over our heads, is a timber ship from New Zealand loaded with Kauri pine, and what not. There goes the seven o'clock train across the wooden viaduct! They say that Hobson's Bay railway is paying its eighteen per cent. Ha, here we are off at last!

Here we are off at last, panting down the river. "Where to?" say you. Well, I'll tell you. We are going down the Yarra to catch the first train from Williamstown to Geelong; from Geelong we go to Ballarat by coach, where we sleep; and to-morrow morning we mean to coach it on to Ararat, and then, picking up our horses, to get to our home on the Wimmera.

If our reader has never been in Australia, he will hardly understand what are the sensations of a man, long banished, when he first realizes to himself the fact, "I am going home." Home! No one ever says, "I am going to Europe, sir," or "I am going to England, sir." Men say, "I am thinking of taking a run home, Jim" (or Tom, as the case may be). Then you know Jim (or Tom) considers you as a sacrosanct person, and tires not in doing errands for you—will wade the mud of little La Trobe

Street for you, and tells you all the time that, when so-and-so happens (when the kye come home, in fact), he means to run home too, and see the old folk.

We are steaming at half speed past the sweet-smelling slaughter-houses, with the captain on the bridge swearing at a lumbering Norwegian bark who has got across the river, and whose skipper replies to our captain's Queen's English in an unknown and barbarous tongue. The custom-house officer on board is known to us; so the captain makes a particular exception of his eyes, beyond that of the Norwegian skipper and his crew, gives them a thump with his larboard paddlebox which cants the bark's head up stream again, and on we go.

Plenty to see here, for those who do not choose to shut their eyes, as we steam down the narrow deep river between walls of tea scrub (a shrub somewhat resembling the tamarisk). Here are some fellows fishing and catching great bream; and now, above the high green wall, we begin to see the inland landscape of broad yellow plains intersected with belts of darksome forest, while beyond, distant but forty miles, is the great dividing range, which here approaches nearer to the sea and gets lower than in any other part of its two-thousand-mile course. Mount Macedon (three thousand feet), Mount Blackwood with its rich gold-mines, and Pretty Sally's Hill (Apollo, what a name!), are the three principal eminences in sight of Melbourne. It is hard to believe that that wooded roll in the land is one hundred and fifty feet higher than majestic Cader Idris, but so it is.

Now the river grows apace into a broad estuary, and now suddenly rounding an angle we see busy Williams-town before us on the right bank—a group of zinc-roofed houses, a battery, two long dark stone jetties, and a tall white lighthouse. Now we open on the bay too; there are the convict hulks under the battery, with the two ships of war lying close beyond, and away to the left the crowded shipping.

There begins a buzz of conversation

now; men ask which is the *Swiftsure* (a new clipper of Green's, just arrived in sixty-seven days). That's her next the *Red Jacket*. A black ship with a white beading. The Queen's ship, the *Electra*, is to sail this morning for England; there she goes—that gun is to weigh anchor, and lo! in an instant her yards are blackened by two hundred men, and, rapidly as a trick in a pantomime, her masts become clothed with a cloud of canvas, and, as we touch the railway pier, the good old ship is full sail for England.

As I find that we are only a quarter of an hour behind the time of the train's starting, and as I see a guard violently gesticulating at us to run or we shall be too late, I, who have before travelled by this line, become aware that we have a good half hour to spare; and so we turn into the refreshment room to discuss a bottle of pale ale, and look through the morning's *Argus*. This being leisurely accomplished, we are sulkily taken into custody by the guard and locked up in a comfortable first-class carriage.

There is a gentleman at the farther end with his arm full of papers. This turns out to be his Honour Justice Blank, going on the Dash circuit—a very great person; and, after a few frigid commonplaces, we turn round and look out on to the platform.

There is a group of respectably-dressed men, neat, clean, and shaved, standing together; they are diggers, who have been to town for a day or two, and are now going back to resume work. Near them are two men, who are intending to be diggers, and who have evidently not been many weeks in the country. They are dressed in the traditional old style of the digger in the pictures, the like of which was never seen, and I hope never will be, except among exceeding green new chums. They have got on new red shirts, and new wide-awakes, new moleskins, and new thigh-boots, and huge beards. One of them, too, carries a bowie-knife in a leather belt—a piece of snobbishness he will soon get laughed out of at the mines.

Ah, well, we won't laugh at these two poor bears, with their sorrows before; they will be mightily changed in a year's time, or I am mistaken!

There is a group much more pleasant to contemplate. Two lanky, brown-faced, good-looking youths—the eldest about eighteen, and evidently brothers—are standing side by side, alike in face, figure, and dress; one is an inch longer than the other, but it is impossible to tell them apart. They are not bad specimens of Australian youth before the flood (of gold); and, as being characteristic, I will take notice of them in lieu of giving you statistics about the returns per share of the railway; about which the less that is said the better. They are dressed in breeches and boots, in brilliant-patterned flannel shirts of the same pattern, in white coats of expensive material, with loosely-tied blue handkerchiefs round their necks, and cabbage-tree hats on their heads. Each one has in his hand a stock-whip, some fourteen feet long, and there lies at the feet of each a saddle and bridle. They stand side by side silent. They have that patient, stolid look, which arises from an utter absence of care, and from, let us say, not too much education. Look at the contrast they make to that lawyer, fuming up and down the platform, audibly cross-examining imaginary witnesses as to when the dawdling, jolter-headed idiots, are going to start this lumbering train of theirs. Would all the gold in Ballarat induce him to stand as quiet and unheeding as those two lads have done for half an hour? He could not do it. But our two brothers, *they* are in no hurry, bless you. They ain't hungry or thirsty, or too hot or too cold, or tired with standing; they have plenty of money, and an easy round of duties, easily performed. They would as soon be there as elsewhere. They have never—oh, my pale friends, who are going into the schools next term to try for a first—they have never tasted of the tree of knowledge. Think and say, would you change with them?

These two brown-faced lads are known

to us; so we beckon them to come into our carriage. After a quick flash of recognition from the four blue eyes, guard is beckoned up to open the door. The saddles are taken up, and the two brothers prepare to enter. Guard objects that the saddles must go in the luggage-van. Guard's suggestion is received with lofty scorn. Elder brother demands of guard whether he (guard) thinks him such a fool as to shy a thirteen-guinea saddle into the luggage-van, and have everybody else's luggage piled atop of it. Younger brother suggests that they shall go in the luggage-van themselves, and take care of their saddlery. Guard submits that the saddles will annoy the other passengers. His honour, the judge, without raising his eyes from the foolscap sheet he is reading at the other end of the carriage, says, in a throaty voice, as if he was summing up, that if the young gentlemen don't bring their saddles in he shall leave the carriage. So the valuable property is stowed away somehow, and we are once more locked up.

All this waiting about is altered now. Then there was but one line of rails, and an accident every day; now the trains run, I understand, with wonderful punctuality. At this time we waited nearly an hour altogether; but, being men of contented disposition, did not get very much bored. The lawyer aforementioned was enough to amuse one for a time. This leading counsel and M.L.C. grew more impatient as the time went on, and at last, having drawn the station-master out of his private office as a terrier draws a badger, he so bullied and aggravated that peaceable man that he retired into his house in high wrath, sending this Parthian arrow at the lawyer: "If I thought there were half-a-dozen such aggravating chaps as you in the train, I'd start her immediately, and have you all smashed to punk ashes against the goods before you'd gone ten miles."

A train comes sliding in alongside of us, and then off we go. Past the battery and the lighthouse, away on to the breezy plains, with the sea on our left.

"The plain is grassy, wild and bare,
Wide and wild, and open to the air."

On every side a wide stretch of grey grass, with here and there a belt of dark timber, seen miles off, making capes and islands in the sea of herbage. A piece of country quite unlike anything one can see in England. Here and there is a lonely station, apparently built for the accommodation of the one public-house which stands about one hundred yards off, the only house in sight. Here two farmers get out (one of whom has lost his luggage), and two get in (one of whom is drunk, through having waited too long at the public-house for the train). Here also the station-master holds a conversation with the guard on the most personal and private matters, every word of which is perfectly audible to the whole train, and highly interesting. And then on we go again.

A pretty blue peaked mountain right before us; the mountain grows bigger and bigger, and at length, racing along under its hanging woods and granite crags, we find that the long-drawn bay on our left is narrowing up, and that the end of our journey is near. Then we see a great town (thirty thousand inhabitants) built of wood, painted white, of red brick and grey stone, with one or two spires, and a great iron clock-tower. Then the train stops; we have come thirty miles, and we are in Geelong.

There was no time then to notice what we had been enabled to notice on former occasions—that the Geelong terminus was a handsome and commodious building, in a suburb of the second city in Victoria, in the port of Great Ballarat; no time for that now. There stands before the gateway of the station a coach like a cricket-drag, with an awning of black leather, and curtains of the same. It holds about ten people, is drawn by four splendid horses, and is driven by a very large, very fresh-coloured, and very handsome Yankee, who is now standing up on his box, and roaring in a voice half sulky, half frantic, "Now then here, now then, all aboard for Ballarat. All aboard for Ballarat." We

tumble on board as fast as we can, and find that our driver is inclined to attribute the lateness of the train to a morbid wish on the part of his passengers to make themselves disagreeable to their driver. This very much embittered the relations between the ten passengers on the one hand, and the driver on the other. The latter, indeed, was the most conceited and sulky I ever met among his very sulky and conceited class.

At length all was ready, the horses were standing immovable, the driver settled himself firmly, and said—"Ho!"

With one mad bound the four horses sprang forward together, one of the leaders fairly standing on his hind legs. Three more fierce plunges, and the coach was fairly under weigh, and the four bays were cantering through the shabby suburbs of the town.

One remarks principally that the houses are of one storey, of wood and iron, and that the population don't comb their hair, and keep many goats, who have no visible means of subsistence. Now the streets get handsomer, and the shops exhibit more plate glass; now passing through a handsome street, with some fine stone houses, and seeing glimpses of the bright blue sea down lanes, we pull up suddenly in a handsome enough market square, with a singularly pretty clock-tower in the centre. There is a pause for a moment at the post-office; and then, before we have time to think of where we are, we are up the street, up the hill, on to the breezy down, with a long black road stretching indefinitely before us.

There is a noble view beneath us now. As we look back, a circular bay, intensely blue, with a shore of white sand; a white town, pretty enough at this distance; two piers with shipping, and a peaked mountain rising from the sea on the left—as like, I suspect, to Naples and Vesuvius as two peas. The myrtle-like shrubs which fringe the shore, and the trim white villas peeping out from among them, carry out the idea amazingly, until the eye catches a tall red chimney-stack or two, and watches a little cloud of steam flying above the

line miles away, and then we know that we are not, indeed, looking at a scene of Italian laziness, but on a good, honest, thriving, busy English town.

Now the whole scene has dipped down below the hill, and we are looking inland over some wooded hills, with a noble, vast stretch of corn-land, dairy-farm, and vineyards on the left. The road goes straight as a line, apparently without a break; and we think it looks level enough until we come to a grand precipitous ravine, about five hundred feet deep, and at the bottom a little river, fringed with green trees, and a pretty village, with a public-house or two, and a blacksmith's shop.

We travelled fast, and were soon up the hill, through the wood, and away over the plains again—long weary yellow stretches of grass, bounded by dull she-oak woods, with one shabby inn by the roadside, visible for miles—the external prospect being so dull that we turned to look at our fellow passengers. There were six in our compartment; let us see what they were like. A tolerably cosmopolitan collection, upon my word. My *vis-à-vis* was a Chinaman, with a round, smooth, beardless face, displaying no trace of human emotion or intelligence—not unlike a cocoa-nut from which the hair has been removed. He was dressed in the height of European dandyism, save that he wore over all a tunic of sky-blue watered silk. He goggled his eyes, and looked at nothing. He did not look out of the window, or at me, or at the bottom of the carriage—he looked nowhere. He had just come back from some villanous expedition in town, and I have no doubt had a cool hundred or two stowed about him for travelling expenses. Next to him sat a big-chested, black-haired, handsome man, whom we knew. He was a French baker on a large scale; and his mission seemed to be to make himself agreeable—which he did, setting us all talking to one another, save the surly driver and the Chinaman. He tried his hand on coachman too; but, only getting an oath for his pains, he desisted, with a shrug; after which, he

No. 14.—VOL. III.

and his neighbour the Irishman kept us alive for a mile or two by various antics, while a Scotchman looked on approvingly, and took snuff, and a German smoked and dozed.

Such were our companions. As for the scenery we were passing through, or the road we were travelling on, the less that is said of either the better. It is hard for an Englishman to imagine a forest which is in every respect dreary and hideous; yet such is the case with the stunted belt of honeysuckle forest which generally makes its appearance between the sea and the mountains, which must be crossed before one gets into the beautiful glades and valleys among the quartz ranges. Travellers are very apt to condemn Australian woods wholesale, by their first impressions of them from the dreary she-oaks and honeysuckles near the coast—forgetting that afterwards, they saw a little farther in the interior forests more majestic, ay, and more beautiful in their way, though thin in foliage, than it will be easy to find in more than a few places in England. But whoever says that a honeysuckle forest is beautiful deserves to live in one for the rest of his life. It consists of mile beyond mile of miserable clay-land, far too rotten and uneven to walk over with comfort. Its only herbage is sparse worthless tussock-grass; its only timber very like unhappy old apple-trees after a gale of wind.

And the road through this aforesaid honeysuckle forest? Well, it is a remarkable provision of nature that the road (unless macadamised) is so unutterably bad that it quite takes off your attention from the scenery around you—one continual bump, thump, crash; crash, thump, bump. Every instant you are lifted off the seat four inches, and let down again (no cushions, mind you), as if you were playing at see-saw, and the other boy had slid off just when you were at your highest. Your head is shaken till you fear fracture of the base of the skull. The creak, jump, jolt of the vehicle begins to form itself into a tune from its monotony (say the Bay of

L

Biscay or Old Robin Grey), until some more agonising crash than usual makes you wickedly hope for an upset, that you may get a quiet walk in peace for a mile or two.

No such luck; the driver goes headlong forward, with whip, and voice—a man of one idea—to do it as quickly as possible. “Jerry, Jerry, jo; snap (from the whip). Jerry, hi. Snap, snap. Blank, blank, your blank, blank.” This last to his horses. I cannot render it here. Then *snap*, *snap* again. A dead fix, and we dream foolishly of getting out and walking. *Νηριου*. He is only gathering his horses together for a rush. Then the original Ho! and we are all right again, going along at full gallop.

The horrible discomfort of our present mode of transit would render it totally impossible for any one who had not been this road before to make any observations, whether general or particular, on the immense amount and variety of traffic which we are meeting and overtaking. We, however, who have in times heretofore, jogged leisurely along the road on horseback—we, I say, can give some sort of idea of what this hideous phantasmagoria of men, horses, drays, women, and children, which, to us, in our headlong course, appear to be tumbling head over heels and making faces at us, would appear to some happier traveller who has not bartered comfort, safety, and money for mere speed.

In one place a string of empty drays passes us going towards the town, each drawn by two horses, very similar in breed and make to inferior English hunters (for your heavy dray-horse, your Barclay and Perkins, would soon bog himself in these heavy roads). Then, again, we overtake a long caravan of loaded horse-drays toiling wearily up country with loads of all conceivable sorts of merchandise; and immediately afterwards, a caravan of bullock-drays, each drawn by eight oxen apiece, going the same way with ourselves, yet empty. How is this? say you, why thus. These bullock-drays belong to the settlers, and have been carrying down wool for ship-

ment, and are returning. As I speak, we meet a wool-dray, piled to a dangerous height with the wool-bales, and threatening each instant to topple over, which threat it religiously fulfils about every fifty miles.

Now we overtake a long file of Chinamen, just landed, all in their native dress, dusky-looking blue smocks, loose drawers of the same, and hats like Indian pagodas. They are carrying their worldly goods over their shoulders, on bamboos, as in the willow-pattern plate; and as they pass, to my astonishment, my goggle-eyed Chinese *vis-à-vis* wakes up, puts his head out of where the window should be, and makes a noise like a door with rusty hinges, but ten times as loud. He is replied to by the head man of the travelling Chinamen in a sound as though one were playing a hurdy-gurdy under the bed-clothes. Our Chinaman draws his head back, and looks round upon his fellow-travellers with the air of one who has said something rather clever, he believes; and before I have time to ask him, angrily, what the deuce he means by making that noise before a gentleman, I see something which puts Chinamen out of my head altogether.

A dray is upset by the roadside, evidently the dray of a newly-arrived emigrant, and all the poor little household gods are scattered about in the dirt. Poor old granny is sitting by the roadside, looking scared and wringing her hands, while the young mother is engaged half in watching her husband among the struggling horses, and half in trying to soothe the baby by her breast. She has had a sad cut, poor soul, I can see by her crumpled bonnet; and she looks pale and wild, but brave withal. A girl about fourteen is nursing and quieting a child of six, while a boy of ten helps his father. There is the bonnet-box, crushed flat by the hair trunk. Alas! for the poor Sunday bonnet inside, brought with such proud care so many miles, the last memento of happy summer church-goings in England. Poor bonnet! becoming poetical only in thy destruction! There, too, the box with the few poor books has burst

open, and "The Iarmer of Englewood Forest" and "Fatherless Fanny" are in the mud with their old friend and companion, the fiddle. God speed you, my poor friends; be brave and careful, and the worst will soon be over. A twelve-month hence you shall be sitting by the fireside laughing at all these mishaps and annoyances, bitter as they are now.

If this purgatory of jolting continues much longer, a crisis must supervene—death, probably, or insanity. Two or three thousand years ago, as near as I can compute, there was a short cessation of it—a dream, as of being taken into an inn and having a dinner, and seeing the Chinaman eat with his knife and his fingers, dismissing his fork from office without pension; but since then things have been worse than ever; and now a change is coming over me. I must be going mad. That Chinaman's head is no more fixed on his shoulders than King Charles the First's. He has got a joint in his neck like those nodding *papier maché* mandarins we used to have at home. How I should like to knock his head off, only I am so sleepy. Ah! that is it; before I have time to think about it, I am asleep.

I woke whenever we changed horses at a country township, and saw the same sight everywhere,—two or three large wooden hotels, with a few travellers loitering about in the verandahs, unwilling to shoulder their heavy bundles and proceed. A drunken man dragged out and lying prone by the door, with his patient dog-waiting till he should arouse himself and come home. The blacksmith's shop, with its lot of gossiping idlers. The store, or village shop, with the proprietor at his door, with his hands in his pockets; half-a-dozen houses around, little wooden farmhouses like toys, standing just inside the three-railed fence, which inclosed the 80, 160, or 640 acre lots belonging to them; and around and beyond all the forest, now composed of Eucalypti (box and stringy bark here), and infinitely more cautious than the miserable Banksia forest on which we poured the vials of our wrath.

But at a place called Burat-bridge, I woke up for good; for in that place the plank road begins, and from that place the troubles of the traveller into Ballarat end. The road is of wooden planks, laid crosswise, and the coach runs as on a railway. This is an American invention. Let me do the Americans full justice. In spite of the bad and "wooden nutmeg" quality of nine-tenths of their importations, they have taught the Victorians one invaluable lesson—how to travel with speed over rough bush roads. Their double-ended Collins' picks, too, are more useful and handy than any imported from home.

We dash on through the darkening glades of a beautiful forest, the topmost boughs overhead growing more and more golden under the slanting rays of the sinking sun. As the tallest feathery bough begins to lose the light, and the magpie, most glorious of song-birds, croons out his vespers, I lean out of the coach to feast my eyes on a sight which, though so often seen, has never palled upon me—one of the most beautiful mountains in the world, Mount Buninyong. It is the extreme southern lip of a great volcanic crater, which runs up suddenly near a thousand feet above the road, covered from the dark base to where the topmost trees stand, feathering up against the crimson west, with some of the largest timber in the world. Northwards, and towards Ballarat, the lava has burst down the rim of the cup on all sides, pouring in bands from forty to sixty feet thick over the gold-beds, to the everlasting confusion of miners; but at the south end it stands up still as abrupt and lofty as it did when all the fertile country was a fiery desert—when the internal fires were vitrifying every seam in the slate-rock, and sublimating its vapour into gold.

Buninyong. Three large hotels, and a blacksmith's shop. A stoppage. A drunken man, who is anxious to fight any man in the coach for half-a-crown. The return gold escort from Geelong; ten troopers, in scarlet shirts, white breeches, and helmets; two carts, driven tandem, and an officer in a blue cloak,

all of her majesty's 12th regiment; fifty or sixty dogs, who sit perfectly quiet till we start, and then come at us pell-mell, and gnaw our wheels in their wrath; then darkness again, and the forest.

Forest, and a smooth turnpike road. Sleep and dreams. Dreams of the forest getting scunter as we go; of long-drawn gullies running up into the hills, with all the bottom of them turned up in heaps of yellow clay, as though one were laying on the gas in the New forest. Of tents; sometimes one alone, sometimes twenty together, with men and women standing outside, looking at the coach. Of a stoppage at a store, supposed to be the post-office, where was a drunken man who disparaged us, and, like Shimei, went on his way, cursing. Of another bit of forest. Of more tents, and then of waking up and looking over a magnificent amphitheatre among the hills, with ten thousand lights on hill and bottom, and a hundred busy steam-engines fuming and grinding away in the darkness. Of a long street of canvas stores and tents; of a better street of stone and wood; of handsome shops, and then of pulling up opposite a handsome hotel. Ballarat.

We had an excellent supper in a handsome room, and, smoking our pipes after it, were joined by a gentleman in yellow clay-stained moleskin trousers, a blue shirt, and a white cap. This gentleman had not been invited to join our little party, but he did so with the greatest condescension. We soon found that he was a gentleman with a grievance, and that his grievance was Bath's-hole.

I give you my word of honour, that, although he bored us with Bath's hole, and his relations therewith, for an hour and a half, I have not the slightest idea what his grievance was. His strong point was this, that although Bath (the excellent landlord of the hotel in which we were staying) had hit gold, it wasn't the gravel-pits. We, knowing something about the matter, were unfortunately of opinion that it was the gravel-pits, and no other lead; so the

discussion was indefinitely prolonged, until we went out to look at the hole itself, just in front of the hotel—an erection like a bankrupt windmill, with a steam-engine inside, standing over a shaft of three hundred feet deep; and then we went to bed.

But not to sleep—oh dear, no! I was in bed at a quarter before eleven. At eleven, two dogs had a difference of opinion under my window; they walked up and down, growling, till, as near as I can guess, a quarter past eleven; when they departed without fighting, at which I was sorry. At half-past eleven (I merely give you approximation as to time; I did not look at my watch), a drunken man fell into the gutter, and, on being helped out by another man, pitched into him savagely. They fought three rounds, and *exceunt*. At twelve, the bar was cleared, and a gentleman, of the name of Bob, was found to be unequal to the occasion, and lay down in the mud, pulling a wheelbarrow over him, under the impression that it was the bed-clothes. Bob's mates fell out as to a score at the blacksmith's for sharpening gads. Fight, and grand *tableau—exceunt*. At half-past twelve, a drunken Irishwoman was conducted home by two policemen; on reaching my window, she declined to proceed on any terms whatever, and committed a series of savage assaults on the constabulary. At one, a gentleman from over the way came out of his house, and, without notice or apparent reason, discharged a six-barrelled revolver; which reminded another neighbour that he might as well let off a two-barrelled fowling-piece; which caused a third neighbour to come out and swear at the other two like a trooper.

And so the night wore on. We got to sleep somewhere in the small hours, and then were awakened by the "night-shift" from that abominable "Bath's hole" afore-mentioned, who arrived at the surface of the earth at four A.M. in a preternatural state of liveliness, and murdered sleep. A difference of opinion seemed to exist as to whether a gentleman of the name of Arry was, or was

not, an etcetera fool. It was decided against Arry, by acclamation, and they went to bed.

In the grey light of the morning a vindictive waiter brought me my boots, and announced, in a tone of savage, implacable ferocity, that the coach would be ready in half an hour. So I again found myself opposite my old friend the Chinaman, plunging headlong through one of the worst roads in the world, north-west for Mount Ararat.

Mount Ararat, I must tell you here, at the risk of boring you, was the place at which all men in that year (1857) who cared to win gold were congregated. Eight "leads" of gold were being worked, and the population was close on 60,000.

There was breakfast in an hotel beside a broad desolate-looking lake, with a lofty volcanic down—a "bald hill," as they call them here—rolling up on the right; then "Fiery Creek," an immense deserted diggings among romantic gullies at the foot of a mountain; then we began to pass some very beautiful scenery indeed—flat plains, interspersed with belts of timber, and two fine isolated mountains, four thousand feet or so in height, rising abruptly on the left, the nearest of which rejoiced in the hideous name of "Tuckerimbid" (Mount Cole), and the farthest one in the exceedingly pretty one of Laningeryn. This latter mountain had two sharp peaks like Snowdon; but, like all other high mountains in Australia (except the Alps), was wooded with dense timber from base to summit—a circumstance which considerably mars the beauty of mountain scenery in those parts.

What I am going to tell you now is nothing more than the truth, whatever you may be inclined to think. We were going down a steep hill towards a creek, when the Chinaman, who sat opposite, suddenly, without notice or provocation, levelled his head, and brought it full against what Mr. Sayers would call my bread-basket with such astonishing force that I had no breath left to cry for assistance. I made a wild clutch at his pigtail, with the intention of holding

on by that while I punched his head. That intention was never fulfilled; for, ere my hand reached his head, the whole *orbis terrarum*, the entire cosmos, utterly disappeared, and was replaced by a summer sky with floating clouds. The end of all things had come, and I was floating through space alone with a lunatic Chinaman.

But we did not float long. We came back to earth again with a crash enough to break every bone in our bodies, one would think; and I am happy to say that the Chinaman fell under me. Up-rising, we saw that the coach had been upset, and rolled completely over. Our friend the French baker was wiping the blood from a terrible cut in the forehead; the Yankee driver lay on his back, as I thought dead; and two of the party were cautiously approaching the four mad struggling horses.

In time the traces were cut; in time the driver came to himself, and swore profane oaths; in time the Frenchman got his head plastered, and was merry over our mishap, and, in time, we got to Ararat.

A great dusty main street of canvas stores, hotels, bagatelle-rooms, and bowling-alleys, outside of which on each side were vast mounds of snow-white pipe-clay, each one of which was surmounted by a windlass attended by two men. Due west, well in sight, rose Mount William, the highest mountain in Portland bay, rising 4,500 feet above the table-land, 6,000 feet above the sea. The main street in which we stop was primeval forest two months ago; and we may remark that the country round lies between the bald volcanic plains and the great ranges, consisting of a poor scrubby heath (more brilliant with flowers in spring than a duke's garden), over which was a sparse forest of stunted gum-trees.

Our coach journey is over, and we are put down at our hotel. Then we wander forth among the "holes" and converse with the miners, while supper is getting ready. A hole is pointed out to us as being remarkable. The men who are working it expect to raise about

sixty load, and are certain of washing out eleven ounces to the load, which will give them somewhere about 600% a man for three weeks' work. We go and look at the hole. It is a pyramid of white pipeclay, about twenty feet high, with a windlass atop, and two handsome young Norfolk men working at it. We hear that their shaft is ninety feet deep, and several other particulars. But what takes our attention more than anything is this. At the foot of the great mound of pipeclay, in the very centre of this roaring mass of advancing civilization, there sit three native black fellows. Naked save for a dirty Government blanket, pinned over their shoulders with a wooden skewer, there they sit, stupid and stunned. On the very place where a short year ago they had been hunting their wallaby and brush kangaroo, the billiard balls are clicking and the fiddles are playing. A rush of sixty thousand Europeans has come into their quiet forest, after that curious yellow metal, of whose existence they had never known; and they sit there stunned and puzzled. The eldest among them can remember the happy old times, when kangaroos were plenty and white men had not been heard of; the youngest can remember the quiet rule of the squatters, when all their work consisted in supplying the settler's table with game. And now! Their time is come, and they know it; there is no place left for them in the land. These white men have brought drink with them, and that will make them forget their troubles for a time. Let them cringe and whine, and prostitute their wives for it, and then die for it; that is all left for them. 'Alas! poor black fellows, I have left a little bit of my heart among you, and that is the truth.

Five hundred black fellows in full corroborry would have had a sedative

tendency compared to what I had to suffer in the way of aggravating noises after I got to bed that night. Our hotel was built of calico; so, as you may suppose, one gathered a tolerable idea of what was going on around one. I got into bed with great confidence at eleven, and then discovered that I was within three statute feet of a bowling-alley. I listened for one hour to the "trundle, trundle, clink, clink," of that exciting game; and, then the proprietor of the place put the candle out, and cleared the alley, and I composed myself to sleep.

Then I became painfully conscious that there was a bagatelle-board in my immediate neighbourhood, and that two men were playing on it, and, what was worse, that a dozen or so of other men were looking on, and discussing every stroke. A gentleman of the name of "Nipper," obviously disguised in liquor, was betting on one of the players, called "Sam." I was rather glad when Nipper and Sam fell out, and Sam hit Nipper over the head with the cue; but I was not glad when they came out with the intention of fighting, and wrangled for near upon three-quarters of an hour against my bed.

Then a drunken man came, and fell down on the other side of the calico, within two feet of me, and, being under the impression that he was lost in the bush, began singing out, "Coo'ee," as loud as he could. I suggested to him that he shouldn't make such a noise against a man's tent, whereat he cursed me, demanding what I meant by putting my tent in his way, and, receiving no answer, said that I was always at it.

And on the morrow we were on horseback once more, and, leaving all the dust and turmoil behind, were holding our way across the breezy plains towards the peaceful sunny stations of the west.

MUSING.

PLAY ON, dear love ; I do not care

For any music like thine own :

And let it be that simple air

You touch so often when alone :

Not that,—nor that ; nor can I tell

Even how its dropping cadence goes ;

But last night, when the gloaming fell,

It seemed the voice of its repose.

Just after dinner, you remember,

I went up to my room ; and—while

The cold grey twilight of September

Stretched through the limes, like
Minster aisle

With lustrous oriel in the west,

And purple clouds in amber laid,

Where sainted spirits seemed to rest

With flaming glories round their head—

Then sat I, well resolved to know,

Caput and locus, every page in't,

One of the fathers, ranked in row,

The grenadiers of my book-regiment.

But, just as if I had uncoiled

His mummy from its rags and rust,

When to his inner heart I toiled,

'Twas but to be choked with saintly
dust.

Then, brooding grim, I wondered :—

“How

“Far down among the distant ages,

“Hath this fool's babble floated now

“With the high wisdom of the sages ?

“He sat, indeed, at early morn

“Beside the fountains of the light ;

“But, blanker than a babe new-born,

“He looked on day, and made it night.

“There's Sappho, little but a name,

“And Pindar, but a fragment hoary ;

“And Phidias fills a niche in fame

“With formless shadow of his glory.

“Yet this big dullard, leaden-eyed,

“Hath paper, type, and gilding got ;

“And drops, the mud-barge, down the
tide

“Where the immortal galleys float.

“Strange doom ! high wisdom wrecked
and lost,

“Or just a splinter drifts ashore,

“Through dark and stormy ages tossed,

“To make us grieve there is no more.

“And such as this great fellow, he

“Gets handed down safe to this day,—

“The heir-loom of stupidity,

“To make us grieve another way.

“'Tis well, perhaps ; for indolence,

“O'ershadowed by the ancient great,

“Had sunk in hopeless reverence,

“To worship, not to emulate—

“But that among their matchless wise

“They had their matchless fools as well,

“And equal immortalities

“To wit and folly both befell.

“And yet the oaf had curious brains

“For cobwebs in the nooks of
thought,—

“A spider-gift for subtle trains

“Of useless reason, soon forgot ;

“And many a feeble soul, I know,

“All bloodless in his meshes lies ;

“So to the spider let him go—

“God made them both for catching
flies.”

Thus musing, in a stormful mood

I flung him to his dusty nook,

And left the moth her proper food,

And cobwebs to a kindred book.

Just then it was, dear love, I heard,

Slow-swimming through the air, a
rhyme

That soothed me, like a pious word,

Remembered at a needful time.

Small skill have I in harmonies,

Recording, with their measured roll,

The master-spirit's mysteries,

The maze and motion of his soul.

But now and then mine ear will catch,

And keep rehearsing dreamily,

A plaintive thought,—a little snatch

From the Eternal melody.

So with the harmonies of truth,

I may not soar with those that hymn,

In beauty of immortal youth,

Among the clear-eyed seraphim ;

I can but stand without the doors,

And sometimes catch a passing strain

Like that the mellow blackbird pours

In twilight-woods, fresh after rain—

A passing strain of plaintive thought
 In natural music softly stealing,
 The pathos of a common lot,
 Or homely incident, or feeling ;
 Nor deep, nor broad, nor soaring high,
 Nor surging with the passion-strife ;
 But rippling clear and quietly
 Along the common path of life.

And that is all : there was a time
 Of windy vanities, when I
 Deemed that among the harps sublime
 My psalm might blend its melody.
 I'm wiser now—I can but sit
 In lowly bower of joy or grief,
 With thee, dear love, to share in it,
 And pipe to give our hearts relief.

It vexed me when this wisdom came,
 At first, and, wrestling with my fate,
 I strove awhile to fan the flame,
 And, spite of nature, to be great.
 Yet, what is better than to know
 What God has given thee strength
 to be ?
 To live a true life here below
 Is more than dreaming gloriously.

Then play that plaintive air to me
 You touch so often when alone,
 That moves in its simplicity,
 With natural grace in every tone.
 I'm weary of all mocking birds,
 I'm weary, too, of straining throats ;
 And sweetly dropt its natural notes
 In natural fall of plaintive notes.

ORWELL.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN ENGLISHWOMAN AT NAPLES.

THE writer of the letters in the form of a journal, from which the following extracts are, with her permission, made, has been for some years resident with her husband at Naples. She witnessed the entrance of Garibaldi ; her graphic description of which has been already before the public. The date of the earliest letter from which the extracts are made is Oct. 16th, the latest, Oct. 27th. The subjects of the extracts are—1 and 2. Scenes in Hospital. 3. Garibaldi : his Character and Influence. 4. A Visit to St. Elmo.

The writer, having found great difficulty in dealing with the speculation, want of cleanliness, lying, and indolence of the hospital officials, has determined, in conjunction with her relatives and other residents, to provide some temporary accommodation for convalescents, who have in many cases left the hospitals as soon as ever their wounds were healed, but long before their strength warranted their joining the camp. Devotion to Garibaldi would inspire them with eagerness to present themselves at Caserta ; but their enfeebled frames gave way. Many fainted in the streets, and others languished about at cafés, and in such shelter as they could obtain, unable to procure nourishing food, wine, and other necessary comforts, much less books or amusements suited to their weak health. It is hoped that the means for carrying out this benevolent design will not be wanting. It is believed that the extracts will tell their own story sufficiently, without further preface.

G. B.

EXTRACT 1.—SCENES IN HOSPITAL.

Oct. 8.—My sister has had a ward given up to her entirely in the Sant' Apostoli Hospital. We spent Sunday in it.

I am much impressed with the courage of the men in bearing pain ; I think the courage required in battle is a trifle compared with it. S—— only spoke to some ; the others showed their native courtesy in scarcely giving her a sign of recognition as she passed, lest they should seem to put themselves forward, although their faces beamed with pleasure. There is a boy who had had a large ball, which went slantwise through

both shoulders and back. He showed me the ball—thimble-shaped, as large as a small wine-glass, but solid. He is obliged to sit curled up forwards night and day. Another whom I was struck with was a young Lombard gentleman, serving in the ranks, very beautiful, like the St. Michael of the Louvre, with reddish hair flowing back in wavy curls from the smooth white forehead. He is mortally wounded, I fear. His fine chestnut eyes are glassy and vacant. There are many who are suffering great agonies, evidenced by the livid lips, the clenched hands, and the drawn features. Those poor faces haunt me in my sleep.

One poor man was having a severe wound in the stomach dressed. It was the first time I had heard the deep hoarse scream of a man in great agony. It went through and through me. It was evident that he tried to repress it, but could not. Yet they are wonderfully cheerful, and are ready for smiles and jokes; and, if they suffer and die, is it not for "la Patria," and for "our general?" Oh! that word "Patria," it is like a trumpet call to new life for each of them! What an elevating influence is the love of country! Even the Neapolitans are stirred by it. Yet there is a great difference between their characters and those of the northerners. In hospital they come around you begging, or claw the air with ten hooked fingers from their distant beds, to hasten your coming to listen to them, so little dignity they have; whereas the others ask you in the most beautiful Italian, which is like a chime of sweet bells, to allow them to pay for the letters you have brought them from the post. Yet I am full of hope for the Neapolitans, seeing that, after years of degrading oppression, one month of liberty has already called out stray and far-apart signs of nobleness.

Money has been given most liberally, but it gets shamefully thrown away, through the incorrigible thieving propensities of the Neapolitan officials. Baskets full of provisions come in at one door and go out at the other, and are re-sold; and the money goes into the pockets of the hospital staff. The same with donations of linen. The meat for their broth is passed through hot water, which is given to the soldiers; the meat itself being taken home by the cooks to feed their families to the fourth and fifth generation. One day we went at an unusual hour, and found their broth just as if you had washed dinner-plates in lukewarm water, and then sprinkled a little grease on the top: the poor men were leaving it. S—— took a basin of it to the kitchen, called the governor, and showed it him before the cook. He just stood in the favourite attitude of Neapolitans, repeating, "Mais que vou-

lez-vous? mais que ferai-je?" "Look after things; scold the cook," she replied. Still he only shrugged his shoulders, spread his hands, made ill-used eyelids, and left her to scold the cook. Everybody is afraid of everybody. Oh! for a little uncalculating manliness!

She one day went up to some of the higher floors not under our care, and found a long gallery full of blankets, sheets, shirts and shoes, and a man in it who, with many bows, protested he was there to give out all that was wanted. She then went to a higher sala, and found it in a horrible state. The wall opposite to the long row of beds was lined with thin old mattresses laid on the cold stone floor; and on them were rows of men tossing and wasted with fever, with woollen covers — *not a sheet or a pillow* among them. She gave one of them a glass of lemonade, and observed when he put out his arm that he had no shirt; he told her that, when their own red shirts were taken to be washed they never got them back again, and got no substitute. She went back to the linen-room, and, behold, the door was locked, and the key was said to be in the possession of the princess —, who had gone to Sorrento! She then told the head Sister of Charity that she would stand by the man until they brought him a shirt; and presently they did so. Another man in that room had only a few days to live, and was trying to pass the time, while his strength lasted, by reading a little dirty novel. S—— gave him a new Testament, and his whole face brightened up. She showed him what parts to read, and told him it was about Jesus Christ, who suffered for us, and that it would comfort him in his sufferings: he said, "Ah, yes; it may help me in dying," and immediately began to devour it. Rejoice with me over this part of our newly-found freedom! If one had done such a thing six months ago, the king, the ministry, the College of Jesuits, and the Council of Cardinals would all have known of it in half an hour, and we should never have seen

the inside of a hospital again, even if we had escaped prison.

EXTRACT 2.—SCENES IN HOSPITAL.

Sunday.—When my sister was distributing her roast-beef to-day in her hospital, there was a cry outside that Garibaldi was coming. People rushed with brooms and swept the floors; and the governor sidled up and hoped she had found the broth better the last few days. Presently Garibaldi entered. A swarm of doctors and attendants immediately surrounded him, praising themselves and craving his notice. She could not hear what he said, but observed that he did not fail to speak to each of the fifty-two men in her sala. She waited at the upper end, beside the handsome likeness of St. Michael, whom I mentioned before. She felt it provoking that, when Garibaldi came up, the governor presented her to him with such a torrent of fulsome flattery that simple dignified Garibaldi could not possibly vie with it, and seemed at a loss what to say, but thanked her most heartily for the care of his men. Then she took the liberty to say that she wished she could do a great deal more—that she would like to see that they had proper food, &c. Then the governor burst out with a declaration that she was the mistress of the whole hospital, and that he lay at her feet, and that everybody, cooks and all, lay at her feet, and that she had only to order to be obeyed, &c., &c. She turned her back on him, and spoke to Garibaldi about the patience and courage of the men; and he went to the St. Michael and bent down and kissed him on both cheeks, and told those around how brave he had been; and the big tears rolled down his face on to that of the dying man. He made him an officer there. All the men, when they heard him coming, began to sit up in their beds and clap their hands, and shout "Papa nostro, papa nostro!" They long to be allowed coffee in the morning instead of their grease and water; so my sister said to one of them, "Now could you not ask the general to order

that you have coffee?" The young man answered, "Oh, lady, how could I trouble him with that, when he has so much to see to, and when his very presence gives us new life?" I was glad my sister had this pleasure, for she works with all her heart and soul; and it was a better way of meeting Garibaldi than that of some ladies who sought an interview with him later at the Hotel d'Angleterre, and asked him for a kiss a-piece, and that each might cut off a lock of his hair. General Turr was with him, and looked somewhat out of patience, standing guard over Garibaldi with a comb, and raking down his head after each operation.

On Monday, we went to inquire about the fever cases—about three hundred. They are in the charge of the Princess — and the "ladies of the commission," who have the spending of the money subscribed. The ladies do not visit every day, and sometimes do odd things. There was a poor man, who had not a day to live, his lungs having been pierced. Some of them came running up, exclaiming, "Oh, how ill he looks! Here, dear man—here are some bonbons!" emptying a lot of almond sugar-plums into his bed, which he regarded with a kind of patient amusement, but, of course, could not touch. The salas up there are not so good. They have a window at each end, and are nearly dark in the midst, and look cheerless; along behind them run rows of small rooms, with windows close up to a dead wall—six men crowded into each of these little holes! This was a barrack turned into a hospital; and the horrid arrangements, which satisfied the dirtiest of all animals (Neapolitan soldiers), still exist. The first of the row of rooms is the public place for the whole floor; but do not imagine that it has any kind of arrangement whatever—any pipes or drains. It has an immense doorway, without any door to shut; at the opposite end of it, a large window, which blows the draught of it all along the rooms, which have their open doorways all in a line with it. Accustomed as I am to the horrors of the streets of Naples, I never imagined

anything like this. It seemed as if it would knock you down when you entered the sala; and it was only with a great effort of self-command that one could remain there. When I awoke in the night, after being there, my throat was sore from the effects of it; what must it be to those poor creatures, wasted with fever, with burning hollow cheeks and glazed eyes, lying without beds—only a thin mattress between them and the stone flags—with their heads up to the very door of this sink of putrefaction, some for thirty days, some for forty? How the human frame can withstand such a thing seems a miracle. We asked a doctor how he had the conscience to undertake to cure people in such a room? He replied, that it was very much against him—“*Mais que voulez-vous?*” with the usual rise of shoulders and eyebrows.

There are some of the worst cases in these rooms. One young man squints till you scarcely see his eyes, and is so deaf, that the old man who attends him is obliged to scream into his ears, and gets a word or two of answer in a hoarse, unnatural voice—all the effect of the fever. He did not squint, nor was he deaf, when brought in. S—— asked him if he should not like his friends to be written to; and, with great difficulty, he recalled and articulated his mother's name and address,—at which the others were astonished, as he had been raving for several days. He opened his mouth greedily to swallow the grapes which we gave him, with an expression like that of a famished beast. It was very sad to see. There was a pretty boy, with a complexion almost blue white, who thought he was better, and had got up in his flannel coat; but he swayed about, and then sank down again. His head was so weak that he could not remember where he lived, except “quattro Piano,” neither the street nor the town. At last he remembered it was Turin. Another very pretty blue-eyed, yellow-haired boy of thirteen, from Lucca, wasted with low fever, begged S—— to write to his mother that he was getting better, and hoped to come home soon. His delicate white face was covered over with great

cold drops of perspiration. I wiped it with my fine cambric handkerchief, and gave it to him. He tucked it so affectionately into his neck, and added, very anxiously, “Don't ask father or mother to send me money; they are poor, and I would not be an embarrassment to them.” One young fellow of eighteen was so completely paralysed with rheumatism as not to be able to put his hand to his mouth. Near him was one with a finely cut face, but, without doubt, the most dreadful thing we had seen; it looked like the face of a corpse many days dead—the blue lip stretched tight over the glittering teeth—the nostrils dilated, but quite stiff—the eyes wide open, but so turned up into the head, that nothing was seen but shining white, contrasting terribly with the dark, deadly clay-colour of the skin—and a deep hollow under each cheekbone, in which a walnut might have lain. I could hardly suppress a moan of horror and pity when his attendant shouted into his ear, and poked and shook him—which he did rather roughly. He turned down his eyes with an effort—great, brilliant, brown eyes they were—but I think they saw nothing; and immediately they turned up again, till the brown disappeared, without winking or closing. He had been taken prisoner by the Royalists on the 1st, and rescued again the same evening. They did not know if he had been beaten on the head with their muskets, or had been shown the fire he was to be roasted at. He had received a shock to his nerves. I asked what he got as nourishment; they said, a few spoonfuls of lemonade squeezed between his teeth. A rather stupid young doctor came by, and I asked him if it would not be good to give him something nourishing, and if I might bring him some beef tea? He said, “Yes, certainly; it would be very good for him.” Now, I wonder, if the strengthening food was good, why he had got nothing but spoonfuls of lemonade for three weeks.

We next went to the Hospital Pelligrino, to ask if a young man was still alive, who was very ill from mortification of the arm up to the shoulder. He

had begged to have his mother sent for from Florence, and S—— had just been able to write to her by the same day's boat; otherwise a week would have been lost. She said it was touching to see him when she had written the letter—how he threw his head from side to side, crying, "Subito, Subito! Madre!" in a kind of despairing, entreating voice. We found him with a nice, gentle-mannered, elderly man by his side, who was his father, just arrived, having set off the same day that he got the letter. In the next bed lay a man with blood flowing from his breast, and face livid, and working in great agony: he was a Neapolitan, just brought in, who had been stabbed in a quarrel over cards and money. The knife had touched his heart, and he had not half an hour to live: two women stood wailing over him. All quarrels and stabbing here are about money; it is the one thing that rouses the Neapolitans to energy and passion. Is it not well that, in fault of a still higher object, they should learn even to worship a character like Garibaldi's? This shocked me more than all else I had seen: the power to look on pain and death seemed suddenly to desert me, when the holy cause was no longer there to sanctify them.

Tuesday.—We went at our usual hour. Madame B—— accompanied me to the fever labyrinth; I went straight to the bed of the poor fellow who had fallen into the hands of the enemy, with strong beef tea for him. Alas! the bed was empty! I could have cried; I had so much longed to cherish him back to consciousness; it seemed hard for the light to go out from a nameless unknown cause, and not even to know who he was. He was not very young; perhaps his wife and children are waiting for him. He died in great agony at seven that morning; he seemed to be struggling hard to utter some word, but could not.

I had brought a quantity of the strongest chloride of lime from the English Pharmacy, and bought some common plates; and I set it all about the worst rooms, and gave a lump of camphor in muslin to each bed. None of

them knew what chloride was: I begged them not to eat it, and to ask the doctor to let it remain until I came again.

Thursday.—I went with Dr. and Mrs. Strange to the hospital of San Sebastian, of the Jesuits, to see the English there. It is under the direction of Madame Mario, formerly Miss Jessie White. The English are in four little airy rooms very high up, with cheerful windows, whence they can look over the house-tops to the green hill-side. They are attended by a Scotch doctor named McKenzie, who took his degree in Germany, and by a nice little Irish Sister of Mercy—such a blooming pretty little thing—who was very much delighted to find I had been at the convent of St. Stephen's Green, whence she was sent out to come here. Most of the men are Scotch, and very enthusiastic. Some of the ladies tell them that they were fools to come out. I have it very much at heart that they should be a credit to us; in fighting of course they will—but I wish that they should be well-behaved in every way; and I don't think it will encourage discipline and good behaviour to teach them contempt for the service they had entered. I therefore said all I could, to show them what a noble cause it is, and how proper for the English to help the Italians to secure what God has given them. I wish you could have seen how the faces of those young Scots brightened up at my few words. I think they had become, at the discouragement of some of the English ladies, a little ashamed of what they had done; but now they came out quite eagerly with what they had "thought"—that they *must* come out and lend a helping hand. I was very much pleased with the style of men they are; not at all the "ne'er-do-well" adventurers that some here pretend. Most are of the well-educated Presbyterian middle class, who use grand words when they talk. One was a watchmaker, another a "traveller to a house;" one an Edinburgh man, another a tall fair Cumberland man. There were two well-mannered Londoners—one a clerk in a merchant's office, and a Sunday-school teacher.

Friday.—We had a long day in the hospitals—the first part with our own fifty-two patients. The only one of them who was worse was the nice young fellow who had the great wine glass shaped ball through his shoulders. He had been going on well; but, dear silly fellow, he lost his head with joy on Sunday to see Garibaldi, and jumped out of bed—he who was never allowed to change his position—and the wounds broke out bleeding. He has gone back, and the doctor thought very badly of him. Later we went to the Jesuits to see the English again. I gave to each of the rooms a packet of tea and sugar, and to each a spoon to keep, as they never have any; but the present at which their faces brightened the most was a great lump of brown soap for each little room; they exclaimed, “Now, *won't* we have a wash?” The first since they came to Naples! I gave them plenty of books.

I must not forget to tell you of my triumph over the smells before leaving the *Apostoli*. After finishing with our own sala we went up to the fever wards. I ran along to find out how the smells were, and, behold, the rooms were not worse than ordinary fever rooms. I went to see if the cause was removed; but that was the same. S—— had asked one of the men if anything had been done. He answered, “No; only three days ago a lady came and put white stuff in plates about the floors (where it still was), and since then we have not been tormented.” He then broke out into an eloquent description of their former sufferings. I had no idea that chloride was so powerful to counteract an existing evil, and could have danced for joy. There are still two more floors higher up where we have never been. It dawns upon me that my true mission is to hunt up bad smells and try to cure them!

EXTRACT 3.—GARIBALDI: HIS CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE.

The one fault Garibaldi has is in being too guileless and pure-minded for this world. He cannot disbelieve people's good professions until their

dishonesty is brought home to him by disastrous proof. There must be a want in his intellect, through which he has not yet learned this lesson; though it only adds to the perfection of his heart, for which all love him so much. A week ago he had a sad disappointment about a wholesale robbery which had been committed by a number of his Calabrian volunteers. He had just been told of it, and had dismissed them from his service, and was breaking his honourable sensitive heart over it in his own little room, where a friend of his who told us the story went to inform him that the ministry here had put aside his measures and were about to substitute others. He told him rather timidly, thinking how it would vex him, to whom they owed everything, to have his authority set at nought: but he was already so cut to the heart about his men having been thieves, that he threw himself into his friend's arms, and said, “Let all be done *for the good of Italy*; do not give a thought to me.”

Most certainly he is *not* a diplomatist; if he were he would not be Garibaldi. I daresay there may be five or ten diplomatists in the world, but there is only one Garibaldi. It is just his undiplomatic character which makes him the real hero, but which also unfortunately makes him have no sympathy with, but rather a repulsion against, the secret scheming, and long-laid half-avowed trains of Cavour. It is a pity they are not friends; but the nature of the two men precludes the possibility. Cavour, with his worldly wisdom, regards Garibaldi as a fool, convenient to be used as a tool at fitting times. Garibaldi wants everything to be done openly, from an avowed principle, and for an avowed end; and he believes that the right will be protected by heaven. The one is the ideal of all that worldly wisdom and talent can effect; the other the ideal of all that is morally exalted, all that makes the beauty and soul of chivalry: and they *cannot* walk together, any more than stars and gas-lamps—the latter being much more practically useful for

showing people through the bogs and puddles of man's world; the former more powerful to raise men's hearts and thoughts to a higher tone.

I wish you could hear thoughtful men here speak of what the conception of such a character has even already done for the degraded Neapolitans. They are a people quick of apprehension and appreciation. Try to realise the disadvantages they have had. They were never taught about Christ; and to many of them the idea of right for right's sake, and of all that is true, noble, and devoted, has dawned upon them first through Garibaldi, and already worked a kind of regeneration in their feelings and opinions. Do not think me irreverent—I do not give this more than its true weight; I only mean that such an example and influence as his, acting upon the inner character of the units which make up the vast population of the country, appears to those who are here and observe it, not a substitute for the Christian faith, but a treasure of greater worth than any shining statesman's qualities. We believe that it will make the people more worthy to profit by what statesmanship may secure to them now; so that each will do his work. This part of Garibaldi's work, however, is not so widely understood as his generalship. Even the fighting could not have been successful without him. If Victor Emmanuel had invaded, he would have probably found much more opposition here. It is Garibaldi who represents the moral feeling, and embodies the longings which have stirred all hearts; and this gave him the power to carry all before him.

EXTRACT 4.—VISIT TO ST. ELMO.

Saturday, 27th.—We went to St. Elmo. You know from pictures that the fortress is built on a rock, three sides of which shelve steeply down; the fourth merges into the hill behind, still standing somewhat higher than the hill.

From the ramparts you see the whole of Naples like a map spread out. The huge walls of the fortress, growing straight out of the rock, look imposing

enough; but none of us had an idea, till we were there, that they form only the fourth étage as it were of a four-storied building. We were taken about the great square which they enclose, with its barrack buildings, its mounds of shells, its great guns and big mortars. When we had seen the top part, which covers an immense space, they asked us if we would like to see the covered batteries. They opened a large gate in the middle of the enclosed square, and with a lantern we began to descend a wide paved road, almost as steep as a staircase. When we reached the lower level we found ourselves among immense tunnels, very wide and lofty, which follow, at a varying distance of from ten to thirty feet from the outside, the shape of the great rock on which the upper building stands. Wherever the tunnel approached near enough to the outside, the intervening mass was pierced with a great round hole, at which stood a cannon (they *now* have all got their noses turned inwards); and from the heavy mysterious gloom of these huge caverns you caught sight of the most exquisite little vignette views framed in black rock, sometimes fringed with maiden-hair fern—little pictures perfectly painted. The effect was wonderful, from the concentration of light caused by looking through a tube, perhaps fifteen feet long, with black darkness on our side. At one time it was the Red Palace with its arcades; at another a museum or church; then a bright bit of sea with men-of-war riding at anchor. The maiden-hair was not growing at all; for some had been newly chiselled out, to enable the guns to be better pointed down into the street. There were, perhaps, thirty in all. Then they showed us the big ovens quite at hand to red-heat the balls that they might set fire to any building they struck, and balls standing near, waiting to be heated. Some of the guns swept the drawbridge and causeway by which one ascends from the outer wall; and there are all the necessaries for a body of troops to live down there, even if the outworks were taken—mills for grinding corn, bread-ovens, sleeping huts,

&c. This place is perfectly bomb proof. They talked of destroying St. Elmo; but none of us could understand how they could destroy this place, except by blasting away the entire hill.

Here and there were trap-doors which led down to a lower étage just like the upper one: that makes three floors; and now come the dungeons.

These have no communication with the batteries. To reach them we went a long way down the sloping covered road which leads to the Castle from the drawbridge. I think the door we went in by was on a level with the mouths of those wicked gun-holes. After entering it we went still further down steps and sloping passages cut roughly in the rock, until we came to a large circular dome-shaped cavern, the light of which was very dim. At one side of this cave-hall, there was a funnel-shaped opening, beginning wide and growing narrower, until it reached the face of the rock and open air, where it was heavily barred. I think it looked towards the sea and islands of the west, but we could not see anything distinctly. All around this hall were little huts of mason-work, detached one from the other, that there might be less chance of communication. They had heavy doors faced with iron, if I remember rightly, and in each door a little window with a heavy shutter and bolts; and it was only through this window that the cell could borrow a little light from the large cave which was already so dim, and from which not a speck of green or of sky could be seen. I imagine, from the shape of the bars in the little window, that the door was never opened even to give food. The windows had an opening into which you could have slid a soup plate, which will give you an idea of their size; and the people there confidently assert that the shutters were closed by day. Inside each hut was a bed made of two boards, fixed in the corner, a little sloping, to save a pillow; in one the bed was of stone, with a pillow cut in stone. They have been cleaned out and white-washed, but the stench is still overpowering; imagine what it was

when inhabited by people who were never let out, who had no mattresses, and had to wear their clothes night and day! And, if so much cheating goes on about the food in the hospitals, which are open to every visitor, how may we imagine these people were fed!

There was one cell still worse than the others. A little winding staircase led up to it. Even with the door wide open you could not see the person at your elbow. Of course I had heard and read all about the prisons, as you will read this; but, standing there, it came upon me as it had never done before, as a new sense, what it would be to have that door shut upon one. Even when it was open, the darkness seemed to weigh like a year of midnight on my chest, and to crush the breath out. I don't think I should have courage to try to keep alive there; I should lie down on that plank bed and never move any more. A man was kept sixteen years in that hole! In that moment the last spark of pity I had felt for the Bourbons died out of me, and I could have clapped my hands for joy to think that it was over. In other countries a single abuse may arise, like that on which Charles Reade has founded his novel *Never too late to mend*; but this was the system upheld by the Government, and known in all its details to Bomba at least, and made use of not against criminals, but against noble-minded men—against many even stupidly innocent, who had not an idea of being patriots, but in whose dusty book-shelves might have been found some book with a forbidden name or word in its pages, which had probably never been opened by its present owner. There is a good reason for never finding a library in the house of a Neapolitan.

But these are not the worst prisons. They are dry: there are others by the sea which drip night and day; and a gentleman who was with us had been informed by one of the released prisoners of a torture invented by his jailor—to dash on him, through an opening at the top, cold water at any time, night or day. He could not avoid it in any part of his cell, and never went to sleep

without expecting it. It became a haunting terror to him, and he had to remain shivering in his wet clothes until they dried upon him. It was a way of extorting money from the friends of a prisoner, to torture him unless bribed not to do so. There were names and dates inscribed on the rock—one of a Spanish nobleman 200 years ago. Some told of very long imprisonments: it seemed as if the very rocks were impregnated with sighs and tears, and groans, and as if they weighed and crushed one's heart with misery.

But there is more to tell, very horrible and mysterious. In the middle of this large cave there was a great round hole, with a low parapet wall enclosing it; and, looking down into it, we saw another hall cut in the rock, like that in which we stood—larger because of not being filled with the cells, and very deep—lighted by a slanting shaft to the opening of the upper one. They told us that this was the place in which they used to put a number of prisoners, whom they wanted to get rid of, together, and shoot them from above. There was an iron gate in the side of the upper hall which led down by a staircase cut in the rock to the under one—a wide staircase, the ends of the steps sharp, but in the middle worn into one continuous slope. Even if the story of the shooting is an exaggeration, it must

have taken *thousands* of feet to wear the steps like this; and certainly those feet had not carried people there for their own pleasure. There is *another* gate at the bottom, and more cells opening upon the stairs. It is true that all around the sides of this cave, about the height of a man's head and chest, the walls are marked with round holes, which Captain —— said he could not imagine having been made by anything but a bullet. Supposing that this was used not for political prisoners, but in cases of military revolt, yet what a system to put men into a wild beast's hole and shoot them down, instead of having an open execution after fair trial! The best colour one can put upon it is horrible.

I took the children: it will not be my fault if they do not grow up haters of tyranny and dark dealing. I did not allow them, however, to go into the cells, lest they should be poisoned; but sent them up into the blessed light of day. When we came up again upon the huge ramparts, and saw the celestial looking sunset over the peaks of Ischia, and the rosy clouds mirrored in the bay, it made my heart ache the more for those who had spent years without being able to tell the winter from the summer, scarcely the day from the night. I hope many of them have it made up to them now in glories which the eye of man hath not seen, nor his ear heard.

GARIBALDI'S RETIREMENT.

Not that three armies thou didst overthrow,
Not that three cities oped their gates to thee,
I praise thee, Chief; not for this royalty,
Decked with new crowns, that utterly lay low;
For nothing of all thou didst forsake to go
And tend thy vines amid the Etrurian Sea;
Not even that thou didst *this*—though History
Retread two thousand selfish years to show
Another Cincinnatus! Rather for this—
The having lived such life that even this deed
Of stress heroic natural seems as is
Calm night, when glorious day it doth succeed,
And we, forewarned by surest auguries,
The amazing act with no amazement read.